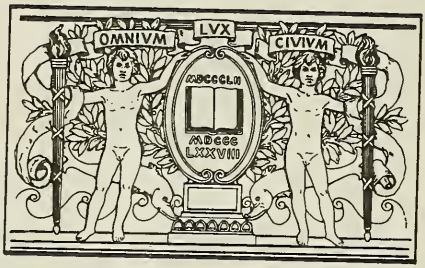
THE MARY FRANCES HOUSEKEEPER

ADVENTURES AMONG THE DOLL PEOPLE

BY JANE EAYRE FRYER



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

A book for all girls (and boys)
who love to "play house."

Jane Eayre Fryer

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Boston Public Library

http://www.archive.org/details/maryfranceshouse00frye

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Mother Doll, spying the house

THE MARY FRANCES HOUSEKEEPER

OR

ADVENTURES AMONG THE DOLL PEOPLE

BY

JANE EAYRE FRYER

Cover, Dolls & Silhouettes by
JULIA GREENE
Frontispiece & Furniture by
ALBERT C. MOWITZ

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CAUTION

The entire contents of this book are protected by the stringent new copyright law, and all persons are warned not to attempt to reproduce the text, in whole or in part, or any of the illustrations.

Copyright, 1916, by
JANE EAYRE FRYER

Jordan
R27
F926M

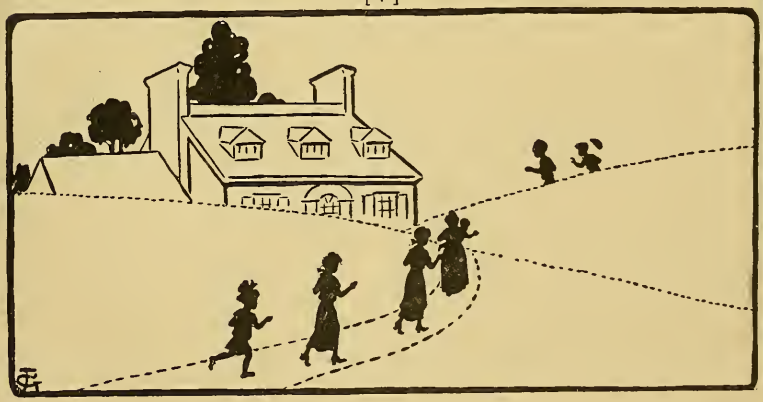
PREFACE

DEAR GIRLS:

As you know, the Mary Frances Cook Book tells of Mary Frances' adventures among the Kitchen People; and the Mary Frances Sewing Book, of her adventures among the Thimble People. This book, the Mary Frances Housekeeper, tells the story of her adventures among the Doll People.

When you have read the three books you will know something about cooking, about sewing, and about housekeeping; the three arts which have most to do with three great needs of life—food, clothing and shelter.

At the time this story opens, the Doll People were a homeless family living in Sandpile Village—with not even a roof to cover their heads. You may imagine how they longed for a house to live in—a house with upstairs and downstairs and lots of furniture, like other people. How Mother Doll held her family together,

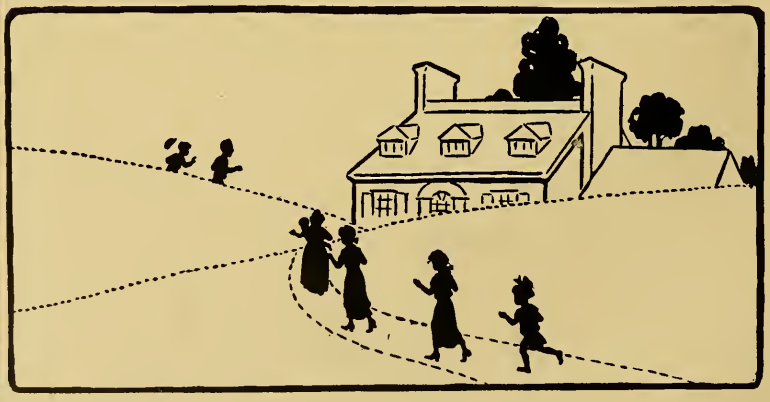


set up housekeeping with the help of Mary Frances, and overcame hardships that would have discouraged anyone less brave, forms a series of entrancing adventures that must thrill the heart of every youthful housekeeper.

As you may easily guess, Mary Frances loves to "play house" because she expects, like every little woman, to grow up some day and have a real house of her own to keep. In the hope that they will like the Doll People as much as Mary Frances does, this book is sent out to girls everywhere with the best wishes of

THE AUTHOR.

MERCHANTVILLE, N. J.



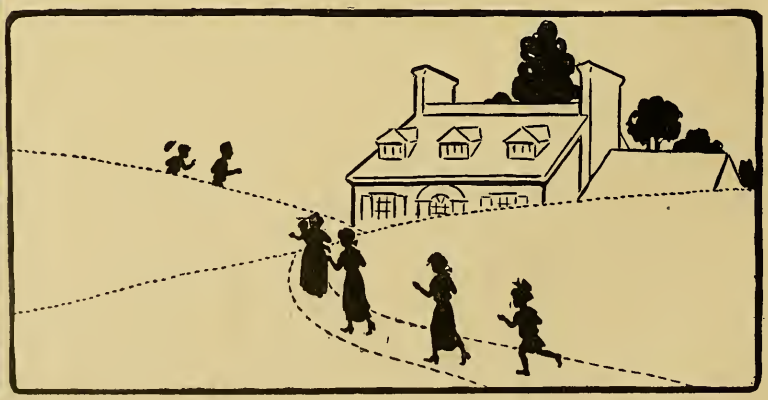
CONTENTS

PART I

ADVENTURES AMONG THE DOLL PEOPLE

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	The Doll Family Want a House	19
II.	Mary Frances Builds the House	25
III.	The Dolls Find the House . . .	31
IV.	The Dolls Paint the Walls . .	37
V.	The Dolls Lay the Rugs	41
VI.	The Kitchen Table, Chairs and Dresser	45
VII.	The Dolls in the Kitchen . . .	52
VIII.	The Dolls' Dining Room Furniture	61
IX.	The Dolls Get a Maid	65
X.	Cinda Waits on Table	74
XI.	Who Stole the Pie?	87

CHAPTER		PAGE
XII.	THE DOLLS CLEAN HOUSE	97
XIII.	THE DOLLS' BEDROOM FURNITURE	102
XIV.	CINDA SCARES MOTHER DOLL	110
XV.	BABY DOLL'S CRIB	116
XVI.	BABY DOLL SLEEPS IN THE CRIB	123
XVII.	THE LIVING ROOM FURNITURE	133
XVIII.	WILLIE AND TONY HUNT A BURGLAR	141
XIX.	THE DOLLS' DRESSES	152
XX.	MAKING A PIANO	162
XXI.	A FIVE O'CLOCK TEA	168
XXII.	FATHER DOLL COMES TO LIFE	176
XXIII.	HOW FATHER DOLL GOT LOST	181
XXIV.	THE SLEIGH	188
XXV.	LIVE WHITE HORSES	190
XXVI.	THE AUTOMOBILE	197
XXVII.	A SPIN IN THE CAR	199
XXVIII.	THE GARAGE	202
XXIX.	WISHES COME TRUE	204



PART II

THE KITCHEN GARDEN

TRAINING THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXX.	THE KITCHEN GARDEN EQUIPMENT	211
XXXI.	THE LITTLE HOME MAKER	216
XXXII.	ADVANCED LESSONS	219
XXXIII.	SETTING THE TABLE	220
XXXIV.	WAITING ON TABLE	225
XXXV.	WASHING DISHES	227
XXXVI.	CARE AND MAKING OF BEDS . . .	230
XXXVII.	MAKING INVALID'S BED	233
XXXVIII.	WASHING CLOTHES	236
XXXIX.	SPRINKLING AND IRONING CLOTHES .	240
XL.	MENDING AND PUTTING AWAY CLOTHES	243
XLI.	GENERAL CLEANING	246
XLII.	THE GUEST ROOM	248
XLIII.	POLISHING SILVER—INVALID'S TRAY	250
XLIV.	THE DAYS OF THE WEEK	252

PAGE

THE BEDROOM ROCKER 121
DOLL'S SHIRTWAIST BOX 121
THE LIBRARY TABLE 133
THE LIBRARY CHAIRS 134
THE BOOKCASE 134
THE LIBRARY ROCKER 134
THE WING CHAIR 137
THE DAVENPORT 137
THE PIANO 165
THE PIANO BENCH 165

INSTRUCTIONS

PART I

		PAGE
1.	How to Clean Windows	42
2.	How to Lay Rugs	42
3.	How to Put Away Marketing	52
4.	How to Wash Dishes	66
5.	How to Wait on Table	74
6.	How to Sweep	97
7.	How to Dust	98
8.	The Care and Making of Beds	115
9.	Care of Furniture	144
10.	Care of Books	145
11.	Duties of Guest	159
12.	Duties of Hostess	160
13.	Duties of Host	160
14.	Menu for Afternoon Tea	172

PART II

BY KITCHEN GARDEN METHODS

PAGE

15. TABLE SETTING 221
16. TABLE SERVING 225
17. WASHING DISHES. 227
18. BED MAKING 230
19. WASHING CLOTHES 236
20. IRONING CLOTHES 240
21. GENERAL CLEANING 246
22. THE GUEST ROOM 248
23. HOW TO POLISH SILVER 250
24. INVALID'S TRAY 250
25. TABLE DECORATION 251

THE DOLL PEOPLE

Mrs. Mother Doll.

Mr. Father Doll.
(Who is lost.)

Mr. Anthony Doll.

Miss Amelia Doll.

Miss May Belle Doll.

Master Willie Doll.

Miss Hazel Doll.

Little Baby Doll.

Lucinda Marguerite Lily.

(The colored maid.)

PART I

ADVENTURES AMONG THE DOLL PEOPLE

CHAPTER I

The Doll Family Want A House

MOTHER DOLL held her little paper handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbed again and again.

"Don't cry, Mother," said Hazel.

"Oh, don't cry, Mother," begged all the other Doll children.

"How can I help it—how can I help crying?" sobbed Mother Doll, picking up the baby, and rocking it in her arms.

"How can I help it—your poor dear father's been lost over a week! Everybody in Sandpile Village has looked for him in vain. Oh, dear!"

"Oh, dear!" echoed the children.

"If I thought he was dead," continued Mother Doll, shuddering, "I'd have you all put on black clothes, but——"

"Oh, there's hope, Mother—there's hope that father'll turn up one of these days," said Tony, the biggest boy bravely, patting his mother's shoulder.

"How cold it is!" exclaimed Amy, hanging a wrap on her mother. "And I declare—it's snowing!"

"Goodness!" thought Mary Frances, who was peeping in the playroom door, "I forgot to close the window, and the snow is blowing in on the sand pile, but I won't go in just now, for I do want to hear more of what the cunning little things are saying!"

"We wouldn't be so cold if we only, only, only had a home!" sighed Mother Doll. "And now that your poor father had to go and get lost, I'm afraid we'll never get one!"

She wiped away a tear.

"How he and I always wished we might have a house of our own!" she added.

"A house!" exclaimed May Belle. "Like the French dolls have! oh! oh! oh!—but how silly to wish for one. It would be too good to be true!"

"A house! A house, with tables and chairs, and a—a bureau! oh, tra-la-la, la-la, la-la," she continued, pretending to undo her curl-papers before a looking-glass.

"Say, May Belle, I should think you'd be cold with those short sleeves," said Willie, who was watching her in amusement.

"Oh, no, the very thought of a bureau makes me warm!"

"Might think a bureau was a house," teased Willie. "Seems as though just a bureau without a house would do for you, anyway—but I understand, for

"Never in my life since I was dead,
Did I have a roof-tree over my head;
Over my head, riddle-riddle, I'll tell you why—
Roof-trees grow too near the sky!"

All the Dolls laughed.

"I declare it's a shame—a bloomin' shame!"

"Tony," warned Mother Doll, "I must ask you not to use slang."

"Excuse me, Mother. It's a shame in bloom, then."

"Oh, you bad boy!" exclaimed Mother Doll.

"But it certainly is a shame!" she continued. "It's an awful thing to have no home. Years and years have passed over our heads, and we've never had a home of our own! Nothing to show for our faithful devotion, and love, and fulfilment of dooty."

"Duty, Mother!" corrected Hazel, who knew she was the prettiest member of the family and took advantage of it to be rather saucy.

"Well, 'duty,' then," repeated Mother Doll. "You know that was 'a slip of the tongue,' Hazel! Anyhow, I wish we could build a house!"

"Why not?" asked Tony Doll, the big boy.

"Yes, why not?" echoed Mother Doll.

"I prefer Colonial," tittered May Belle.

"I prefer Queen Anne," announced Amy loftily.

"I prefer Queen Anne front and Mary Ann back," mimicked Tony; "lets 'draw' for the style. I'll put the names on papers and you choose 'which hand.' "

"I couldn't draw any kind of a house," laughed May Belle, "let alone draw for the style of one; but I know it will be a stylish one if I have any 'say.' "

"Oh," exclaimed Amy, "just because you have a middle name, you're so stuck up!"

"You have a nice name—Amelia; Amy's only for short," said May Belle.

"Yes, but nobody will call me by my full name. I wish I had a special middle one like you."

"I'll give you a middle name," laughed Tony. "Amy Tamy—that's your name!"

"You just dare!" exclaimed Amy Doll, playfully raising her finger.

"Whenever you get mad," declared Tony, "that's your name—Amy Tamy."

"Children," sighed Mother Doll, "this won't bring us a house! Do stop arguing, and consider 'ways and means.'"

"As to ways," said Tony Doll, "there are several ways. As to means"—he put his hand in his trouser pocket—"there ain't none!"

"Aren't any!" corrected Amy. "And no wonder! You've never done a day's work in your life!"

"Well," mused Tony Doll, "there's a way where there's a will."

"What?" Willie Doll sat up.

"I didn't call you," laughed Tony. "But I believe the kid could help," he added. "Want to be an arch-i-tect, Will?"

"Yes. What is it?" asked Willie Doll.

"It crawls on all fours," laughed Tony.

"Don't tease!" said Mother Doll. "Tell us what you think, son!"

"We might make it of stiff paper," said Tony Doll; "but how I wish our little Miss—would——"

"Good!" thought Mary Frances, who was still listening. "What a lovely idea! I'll try to make a house for them. They never could do it themselves."

CHAPTER II

Mary Frances Builds the House

"MOTHER!" exclaimed Mary Frances. "What do you think! What do you think! The Dolls want a house! The whole Doll family were talking about it when I looked in the playroom, and the funny little things think they could build one out of stiff paper."

"Why, dear," smiled Mother, "that reminds me—I used to know how to make a dolls' house out of white cardboard. I'll show you how I made one for my paper dolls when I was a little girl."

"Oh, Mother, did your dolls need just the same kind of things that mine do? Isn't that nice! I wonder if, somehow, your dollies weren't the ancestors of my dolls."

"Maybe they were, dear—I think it's very likely. Anyway, if your dolls like their house as much as mine did, they will be very happy."

"I know they will, Mother," exclaimed the delighted little girl. "Let's begin to make it right away."

They worked steadily for quite a long time, Mary Frances cutting out, and her mother sketching the plans.

"I think we'll have to ask Father to help us finish, Mary Frances—I seem to have forgotten a good deal."

"Why Mother, I think what we have done looks very fine." Mary Frances stepped back to view the work.

"You have no idea, then, dear, how very beautiful the house can be made to look with Father's help—he's quite a builder, you know."

"It would be splendid, Mother, I do know that—and Billy could paint it, couldn't he! Oh, I have a a plan—let's ask Father to build it, and we'll surprise Billy when it's finished by asking him to paint it."

"All right, little girl. Here comes Father now. Run and see if you can't get him to build this wonderful castle in Spain."

"Oh, I know he'll do it," cried Mary Frances kissing her Mother and skipping away.

. . . . . .

"Why, yes, little girl, it is 'some house' as Billy

BABY DOLL
LUCINDA MARGUERITE
HAZEL DOLL
Julia Greene

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK DOLL PAGES

Do not cut this sheet. Use it as a model for making new dolls, by tracing and coloring in the same way as new furniture. (See duplicate pages of furniture for directions.)

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLORED DOLL PAGES

CUT OUT THESE DOLLS FIRST

PLATE I

Directions: Cut out along black and colored outlines.

Score all dotted lines with a pin, then cut along scored lines. Fold name base along black lines, and fasten easel to shoulders of doll in back.

To dress doll, fold straps back at shoulders, and slip garments in place. Slip doll's head through cut dotted lines of hats. A tiny piece of beeswax will hold garments nicely in place.

would say," admitted her Father, after he had finished the last detail, all except the painting; "but if it hadn't been for Mother's plans at first, I doubt if it ever would have looked this way."

"Oh, let me see the plans again, Father—just as Mother drew them, please?"

"My, Mother, isn't it a dear?" exclaimed Mary Frances, after her father had gone. "Wasn't Father lovely to make it! "Won't the dolls be pleased? I'll slip it in the playroom, in the dark, to-night."

"Hello! What's this?" exclaimed Billy, coming in. "A dolls' house! My, but that's a Jim Dandy. Mother, did you make it? It's certainly great," he added, after examining it very critically.

"But I say, doesn't it need paint?"

"It certainly does, Billy, and I just wonder—oh, Billy, will you paint it and make some of those tall trees you learned to make at school last winter? '

"What'll you pay, ma'am?"

"The usual payment, Billy—gingerbread cookies."

"Well, it's worth about three dozen, I estimate. I wish they were ready now, the way I feel."

"I'll fly to make them, Mr. Workman," laughed the little girl.

"That's good. I'll get right to work, then, and finish it to-night."

PLANS FOR DOLL'S HOUSE

Measurements and Elevations

NOTE: Use a stiff grade of cardboard or "bristol board."

1. Look over list of materials, and cut sizes over all for the various parts.

2. Look at elevation drawings and mark off according to the measurements given there.

3. Cut same out and fold as shown.

4. Build foundation, cutting slits as shown.

5. Fit in the two end walls forming the chimneys and slopes for the roof.

6. Apply the roof, gluing angles of side walls under the roof.

7. Put in the front wall, fastening same to end walls by means of corner pilasters.

8. Put in attic floor. Put in second floor. Glue ends on side walls.

9. Get two partition parts ready, bending them 5 inches from each end after allowing for the tabs which are to go into the floor, and leaving 5¼ inches to go under the above floor. Cut out for doorways as shown.

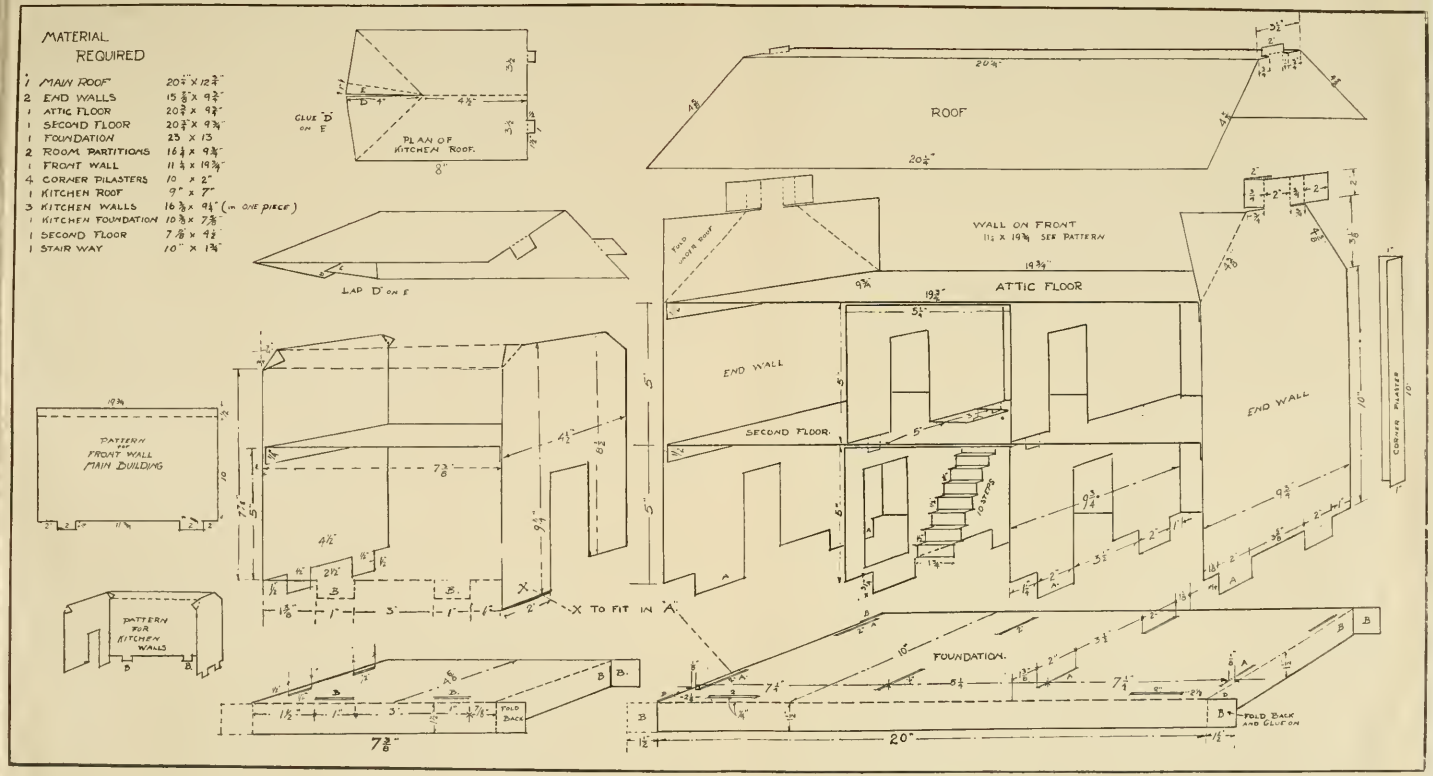
10. Insert the tabs in the floors below, bending them under.

11. Cut out the second floor where shown for stairway, and glue stairway in position.

12. For Kitchen Annex: Proceed as above.

After this part of house is completed, connect with main building by inserting end tabs, marked X, in A. Fasten tab ends of roof to end walls of main part of house.

NOTE: After completion, turn to frontispiece as a guide, and decorate exterior walls, doors and windows. THIS HOUSE IS NOT DIFFICULT TO MAKE.


MATERIAL REQUIRED
1 MAIN ROOF 20" X 12 3/4"
2 END WALLS 15 3/8" X 9 3/4"
1 ATTIC FLOOR 20 3/4" X 9 3/4"
1 SECOND FLOOR 20 3/4" X 9 3/4"
1 FOUNDATION 23 X 13
2 ROOM PARTITIONS 16 1/4 X 9 3/4"
1 FRONT WALL 11 1/2 X 19 3/4"
4 CORNER PILASTERS 10 X 2"
1 KITCHEN ROOF 9" X 7"
3 KITCHEN WALLS 16 3/8 X 9 1/4" (in one piece)
1 KITCHEN FOUNDATION 10 3/8 X 7 3/8"
1 SECOND FLOOR 7 1/8 X 9 1/2
1 STAIR WAY 10" X 13 3/4"
GLUE 'D' ON E
PLAN OF KITCHEN ROOF.
LAP 'D' ON E
ROOF
WALL ON FRONT 11 1/2 X 19 3/4 SEE PATTERN
ATTIC FLOOR
END WALL
SECOND FLOOR.
END WALL
CORNER PILASTER
10 STEPS
PATTERN FOR FRONT WALL MAIN BUILDING
PATTERN FOR KITCHEN WALLS
X TO FIT IN 'A'
FOUNDATION.
FOLD BACK AND GLUE ON
FOLD BACK

CHAPTER III

The Dolls Find the House

"MARY FRANCES hurried to the playroom door the next morning before the family were up.

Treading very softly, she peeped in through the partially open door to see what would happen.

Tony Doll was walking around the dolls' house, which was just where Mary Frances had put it—on a hill on the sand pile.

He drew in his breath, and gave a long whistle.

"Just like the wind," thought Mary Frances.

Then he tiptoed across the room to where Mother Doll lay.

"Are you awake, Mother," he whispered, giving her a gentle little push. "Mother, are you awake?"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mother Doll. "It must be late. Have I overslept?"

"No, indeed," replied Tony. "It's early yet—quite early; but, Mother, listen! It's here——"

"Why, what's the matter with the boy? Who's

here? Has your father come back?" cried Mother Doll.

"And the dandiest one you ever dreamed of."

"What are you talking about?" asked Mother Doll, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes.

"The work of our little Miss, I bet."

"Don't bet," said Mother Doll, sitting up; "and for pity's sake, tell me what you're talking about. How you scared me! Come, children," she called; "Tony must be out of his head! Oh, how beautiful!" she cried, spying the house. "What a miracle!"

All the children saw the house at once, and ran pell-mell—all except the baby, who couldn't run.

"Oh, goody, goody, goody!" sang May Belle, "Oh, tra-la-la-la-la-la! a house! a house! Oh, and such a beautiful one!"

They stood outside, gazing up in admiration and wonder, almost afraid to venture in.

"Who'll go in first?" at last one asked.

"Mother!" cried all the children at once—and Mother Doll stepped in front of the door.

Waiting a minute on the threshold, she said, "No, children, let us all go in together."

"But the door isn't wide enough!" exclaimed Hazel.

"Hump," cried Willie, "you're a great paper doll not to know how to manage that. Everybody turn sideways. Now, when I say one, two, three, Mother throws open the door, and the whole family side-steps into the house at once."

"It's really my place to give the command," began Tony.

"I thought of it first!" exclaimed Willie. "Say, you head the line—that's a great honor."

"Well, all right," agreed Tony generously. "All ready!" and the dolls formed in line.

"Attention!" commanded Willie, "One, two, three!"

Mother Doll threw open the door, and in stepped all the dolls together.

The grandeur of the house seemed to take their breath away for a moment; then everybody began to talk at once.

"What a house!" exclaimed Tony.

"How artistic!" exclaimed Hazel.

"Oh, look at this grand living room!" cried Amy, pointing to the large room at the right.

"Oh, this must be the dining room," said Mother Doll, opening the door on the left.

"And there's the kitchen!" said Willie.

"Let's go upstairs, children," said Mother Doll, and up the steps they all rushed.

"Bedrooms!" cried May Belle. "Oh, I wonder which is ours, Amy."

"Let Mother decide," said Amy. "Which will be your room, Mother?"

"I think I'll have to think about it," replied their mother. "My head is almost going round with happiness."

"Aren't the windows lovely?" said Hazel. "What a charming view!"

Mary Frances nearly laughed aloud. The window from which Hazel was gazing looked out upon a large box of toys, so there was no real "view" at all. "They are so happy, everything looks beautiful," she thought.

"Let's move right in, Mother," suggested Tony.

"Why, yes," said Mother Doll, "but for that matter, I guess we have moved in. Now, if it only were furnished. Dear grandfathers! It isn't in our

nature to be satisfied. Wouldn't a rug look lovely on the living room floor."

"Yes, Mother," exclaimed Amy, "and linoleum on the kitchen."

"And carpet on the bedrooms in winter and matting in summer," finished May Belle.

"And—and—and—and," said Tony, "instead of talking about how grateful we are——"

"I'm just as grateful," interrupted Mother Doll, "as if I didn't express my wish for more, but——"

"Never mind, Mother, that's the way of a woman," laughed Tony, pretending to be very grown-up.

"Your keen remarks," sobbed his mother, who was so upset by this time she didn't know whether to laugh or cry, "remind me of your dear lost father."

"Don't you cry, Mother," begged May Belle. "There's the baby crying."

"Oh my, oh my! I forgot the baby!"

With that, Mother Doll hurried after the baby and the family followed.

"Poor little dear! Poor little dear!" said Mother Doll, hugging the little thing close up in her arms.

. . . . . .

"They never doubted one instant it was their house, Mother," said Mary Frances, at breakfast. "And now they want carpets and rugs."

"I have some pretty colored paper," answered her mother. "You may cut out rugs this morning."

"Oh, lovely!" said Mary Frances. "And that blue and white checkered paper—can that be the kitchen linoleum?"

"Yes; and to-morrow we'll make some furniture. We'll ask Father to bring some heavy paper from the store."

"Joy!" cried Mary Frances, dancing up to her mother and kissing her.

CHAPTER IV

The Dolls Paint the Walls

"I SAY," exclaimed Amy, stamping her foot, "I say, I'm for papering!"

"Amy Tamy," said Tony, "you don't know a good thing. Paint is twice as sanitary for the walls as paper—and it'll wash, too!"

"Don't call names," said May Belle. "Let's ask Mother."

They ran to Mother Doll who was out in the garden walking round and round the house in admiration.

"Mother, say 'paper,' " exclaimed Amy.

"Don't, Mother, don't," begged Tony. "Please say 'paint.' "

"And why snould I say either?" asked Mother Doll with a puzzled expression on her face.

"It's about the walls, Mother," explained May Belle. "Shall they be papered or painted?"

"Paint, by all means; it's more sanitary," said Mother Doll. "Germs can't lodge in it; dust can be

wiped off easily—and it can be washed. I read an article on it in the paper."

"There!" exclaimed Tony.

"I wanted roses on the bedroom!" cried Amy. "I love roses on a bedroom wall."

"You can have them," said Mother Doll. "A stencil makes a delightful decoration, with a border around the top of the side walls, or stripes up and down——"

"Hurrah," cried Tony, throwing up his hat and catching it. "Say, Mother, I saw a lot of paints out at the end of the village."

Mary Frances remembered she had left her paint box near the sand pile.

"Get some, by all means," said Mother Doll.

"For the kitchen we want gray or deep tan, because neither is easily soiled. For the dining room, we want tan and brown. Perhaps we'd use green if the sun shone into it more brightly. It is a good general rule to follow—to use darker shades for sunny rooms, or rooms with a 'southern exposure,' and lighter, warmer colors for rooms where the sun enters more seldom—rooms with a 'northern exposure.' Now, for the living room——"

"What a memory you have, Mother!" exclaimed Tony, admiringly.

"For the living room, I'd like red," said Amy.

"Red isn't a good color to live with," answered Mother Doll. "It is too exciting—it makes people nervous. It would never do for you. For the living room use green—it's so restful. But not too deep a shade, for dark shades absorb the light. For one bed room——"

"Pink?" asked Amy.

"Yes," said Mother Doll.

"For the other——"

"Blue?" asked May Belle.

"Yes," said Mother Doll, "with white or cream for all ceilings, of course, to reflect a good light. Sometimes three-quarters of the artificial light used would be sufficient for a room if light colors were used on ceiling and walls."

"With stenciled borders of pink roses and forget-me-nots, and a nursery corner screen done in stenciled little Mother Goose figures, our bedrooms will be beautiful!"

"Joy! And for the cellar—whitewash!" said Willie Doll, who had just come.

"Go 'long with you! There isn't any cellar," said Mother Doll; and the boys went away to bring home the paint.

When they brought it in, Mother Doll and the girls were ready for work.

"Don't splash the floors," warned Mother Doll. "I'm glad I asked Mrs. Neighbor to keep the baby. Boys! Boys! Not too deep shades in those roses! Oh, look at Willie and Hazel! Covered with paint! Forevermore! I'd rather do the work myself than show children how. Come here, both of you."

That night all the dolls slept on the bare bedroom floors.

. . . . . .

The dolls' house looked very beautiful the next evening when Mary Frances slipped the rugs inside the door.

CHAPTER V

The Dolls Lay the Rugs

"OH, Mother, you've got your wish!" cried May Belle, who was first downstairs the next morning. "You have your wish—come see the rugs!"

Everybody ran down as soon as possible and began to examine them.

"Oh, aren't they beautiful!" cried Hazel, jumping up and down. "They are too pretty to step on."

"But not too pretty to sleep on to-night," exclaimed Willie. "Gee, won't they feel nice and soft!"

"Well, let's get to work to lay them," said Tony. "Here, Will, lend a hand, will you? Where first, Mother?"

"The living room, I think," said the mother. "I'm glad the floors were all cleaned and wiped up yesterday."

"Right-o! Everybody clear the way!" cried the boys, spreading down the rug.

"I tell you, children," said Mother Doll, "if you will sweep out the wrinkles with a broom, the rugs will lie on the floor better. Sweep in one and the same direction—that is the right way to lay rugs. Here. Amy. take the baby and I'll show you."

She swept the colored paper out on the living room floor.

"Oh, that's fine!" exclaimed May Belle. "How much you do know, Mother, to be sure!"

"It does look nice," admitted Mother Doll; "and we'll have something to sleep on to-night—but I suppose it might have been better for you children to have washed the windows before laying the rugs in place.

"Here, you boys, roll that rug again, and everybody come learn—

How to Clean Windows

1. Wring a soft piece of chamois out of clear water, in which there are several drops of ammonia.

2. Rub the window pane well.

3. Rinse chamois well. Wring very dry. Wipe windows carefully.

"There, take that pail on the floor, and climb up outside, Tony," she added; "and you girls do the inside of the windows."

"How I do wish we had a kitchen table where you could place the kettle of water. But I'll tell you what to do—take turns holding the kettle for each other."

Mary Frances held her breath.

"How they love the house!" she thought, and she almost laughed aloud as the boys and girls began to work.

"Your side isn't clean, girls!" shouted Willie, who was standing on Tony's shoulders polishing off the outside of the top windows.

"Oh, it's your side!" exclaimed Hazel, giving an extra rub to her window.

"Say, Amy," called Willie, "want an electric shock? It's good for you, you know."

"Yes," said Amy, "but what do you know about such things?"

"I can give you a shock, all right, all right," said Willie.

"Oh, I want one, too!" cried May Belle.

"Come over here to my window, then," said Willie.

"Now, put your fingers flat on the glass."

"Now, don't you feel it?"

"Feel what?" asked the girls.

"Feel a *pane!*" exclaimed Willie, and he and Tony began to roar with laughter—that is, they made the squeakiest of little noises, but Mary Frances knew that was a paper-doll's way of laughing uproariously.

"My, I'm tired," said Mother Doll. "I'll go sit on the front steps, the way they do in Philadelphia. You children can lay the rest of the rugs. I've told Tony where they should go. I wish I had a chair—but I scarcely dare wish for anything now-a-days, for fear I'll get my wish."

"Good-morning, Madam," she said bowing to Marie Marie, one of Mary Frances' big dolls who was passing. "Yes, the house is very pleasant indeed—not as nice as Mr. Paper Doll would have built, but quite adequate to our needs."

Mary Frances laughed to herself.

"The little pretender!" she thought.

CHAPTER VI

The Kitchen Table, Chairs, and Dresser

"AND now, Mother," said Mary Frances, "they—the dolls, I mean—want chairs and a kitchen table."

"Oh, they do, do they?" laughed Mother. "Well, they have a sensible idea, I think. I always considered the kitchen the most important room in the house. All right, I'll draw the patterns for you, but I'll not promise to cut out the furniture."

"Oh, I'll get Billy to help do that!" exclaimed Mary Frances. "He'll love to do it. Besides, he's wonderfully proud of his new penknife. He's a dandy brother, Mother."

"That he is," laughed her mother, "and I think you're both—well, I won't tell, but you can imagine."

"I know," laughed Mary Frances; "but, Mother, I've gotten everything ready for making the furniture, I think. Here is a ruler, and a pencil, and here is the stiff paper Father brought last night. But I have no paste. I forgot that."

"Well, we'll have no need of paste, my dear, with this kind of furniture. It holds together with a little patent lock."

"Oh, isn't that splendid. Paste always is a trouble to use. It sticks to my fingers more than what I want to fasten, it seems to me."

"Good! I'm glad the idea pleases you, dear; we can use these locks in place of mucilage all the time," said mother. "Now, we are ready to make some furniture."

"Oh, Billy!" cried Mary Frances, jumping up as her brother came in the door. "You're just in time. Will you help me furnish the dolls' house—I mean, Mother is going to draw the patterns for the dolls' paper furniture, and—will you help cut it out and color it?"

"Yep," said Billy. "Say, what swell dolls you have—are they going to have a furnished house? That's a fine house. But it seems to me a grand house like that calls for a paid workman. I guess I'll have to be paid if I'm going into the business of making furniture."

"Well, sir, what is your price?" inquired Mary

Frances in a very dignified manner. "I didn't think to ask, but it's a very important matter."

"I couldn't very well say now. You see, Miss, it's a special job, and it's a difficult thing to set a price on."

"You'll not get the work," replied Mary Frances, "without naming a price. Father never gives out work without an 'understanding,'" she added.

"Well, then," said Billy, screwing up his eyes shrewdly, "the price will be that bottle of India drawing ink Aunt Maria gave you the other day."

"Agreed," said Mary Frances, running to get it.

"That's not right," said Billy. "Two poor paymasters, you know——"

"One pays before the work is done, and the other never pays."

"I thought maybe you wanted to use the ink on the furniture," said Mary Frances, laughing.

"You thought right," said Billy; "and I guess you can trust me."

Their mother laughed.

"Come, my good business people," she said.

"Since the contract is made, let us proceed to real work."

"It's Mother that should be paid," exclaimed Mary Frances, "and I'll pay her beforehand," and she gave her a dozen kisses.

"My, Mother works pretty cheap, I must say," remarked Billy.

"Come, Billikins," again laughed mother. "Here, with your sharp knife and shears ready for cutting."

THE MARY FRANCES FURNITURE

In making this furniture no paste is required. Each article is cut in one piece, and is locked in shape by means of slits and straps. Work carefully and slowly. Cut very accurately. Use a ruler in scoring all dotted lines. If properly constructed, this furniture will fit together perfectly and last a long time.

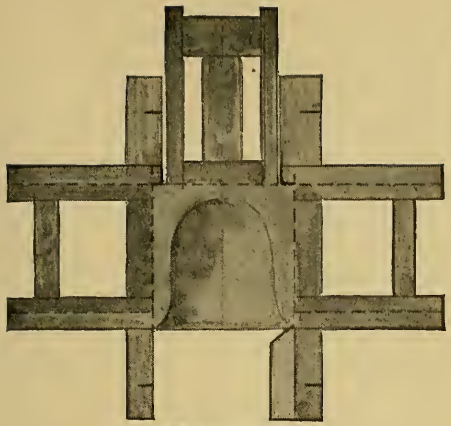
THE KITCHEN TABLE

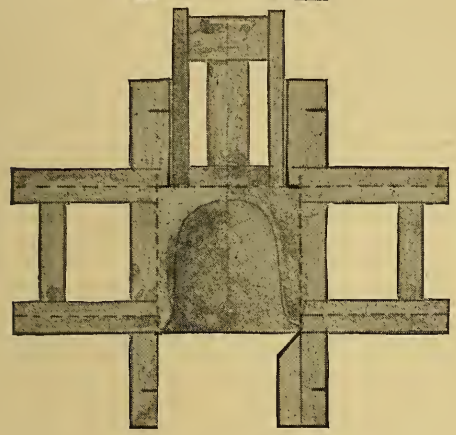
See Insert I

Cut out along outlines. Cut notches in straps.

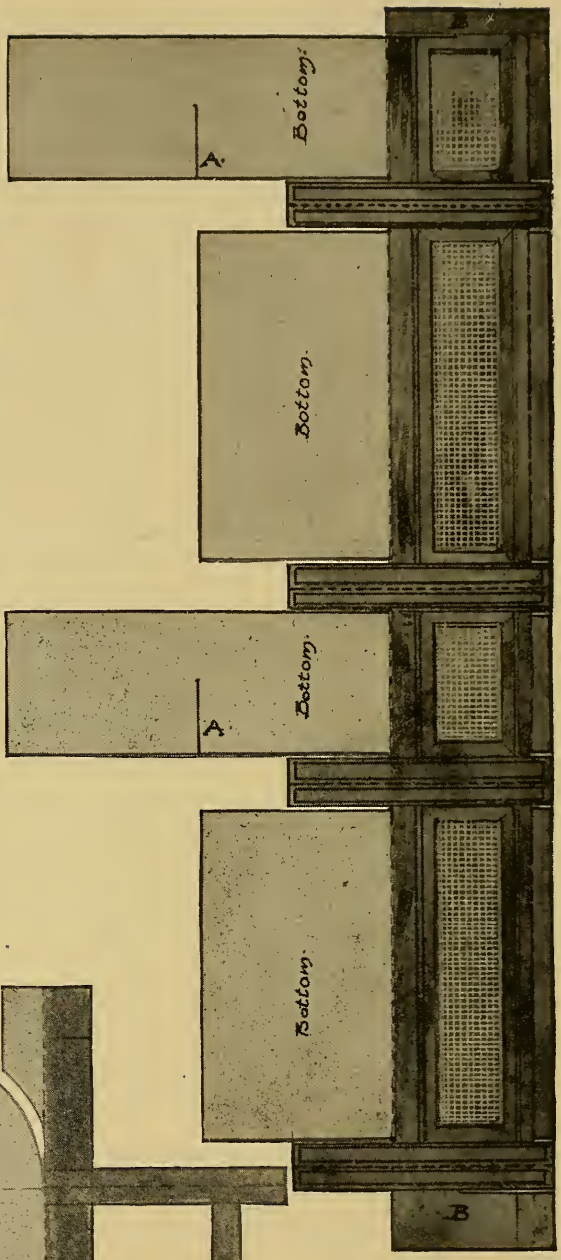
Hold ruler against dotted lines and score with a pin.

Fold down on scored lines. Lock straps together by slipping notches into each other, under table flaps, so that ends do not show. This is done by pointing strap ends inward before locking notches. See illustration of finished article.

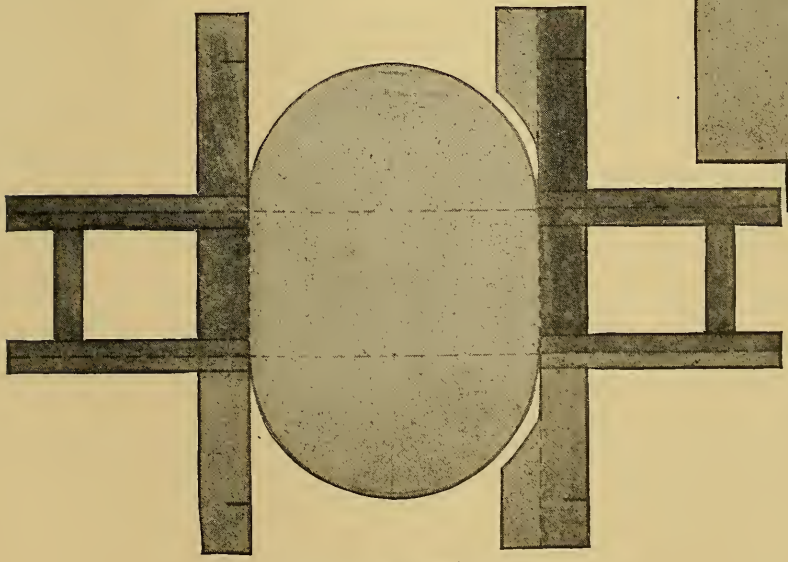




KITCHEN CHAIRS.



CRIB.



KITCHEN TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK FURNITURE PAGES

Do not detach or cut this pattern sheet. It should remain permanently in the book to be used as a pattern for making new furniture.

Directions: Take a piece of heavy white or colored paper, and place over it a piece of carbon paper. Lay both underneath this picture. Over the picture place a thin transparent paper, and trace outlines with pencil. The thin paper is to prevent pencil from injuring the picture. Before cutting out, color by hand.

Patent applied for.

THE KITCHEN CHAIRS

See Insert I

Cut out along outlines. Cut down line between chair back and straps. Cut notches. Hold ruler against dotted lines and score with a pin. Fold on scored lines. Lock straps together by means of notches, pointing strap ends underneath. See illustration.

THE KITCHEN DRESSER

See Insert II

Cut along outlines. Cut slits for insertion of straps. Hold ruler against dotted lines and score with a pin. Fold down on all scored lines except the one below china cupboard drawers. Fold this line upward. See that corners of top and shelf are cut free so that sides will fold underneath properly. Slip straps into slits, matching letter to letter. See illustration of finished article.

"How dear!" exclaimed Mary Frances admiringly. "The dolls will never know how to thank you enough——"

"Gee, Mother," said Billy, not realizing he interrupted, "they're great!"

"Slang," said Mary Frances, shaking her finger.

"Well, aren't they?" asked Billy. "I should think you'd think they were."

"I do," laughed Mary Frances.

CHAPTER VII

The Dolls in the Kitchen

"OF all the grand surprises, children! I could scarcely believe my eyes."

Mother Doll was in the kitchen talking with the two big girls, Amy and May Belle.

"I came down stairs very early," she went on, "thinking I would get a bite of breakfast for us all, and that we'd eat 'picnic fashion' again, and you can just imagine how I felt when I saw this table, and these chairs, and that dresser."

"Yes, Mother, if it isn't the loveliest thing I ever heard of—this new house, the rugs, this kitchen furniture," agreed May Belle.

"If only your dear father were here, I think we'd be the happiest family alive. But there! work is the best cure for sadness," and Mother Doll began to bustle about.

"You, Amy," she said, "put the marketing away as soon as Hazel comes in. It never pays to leave food around, especially meat. If wrapped in paper,

KITCHEN DRESSER.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK FURNITURE PAGES

Do not detach or cut this pattern sheet. It should remain permanently in the book to be used as a pattern for making new furniture.

Directions: Take a piece of heavy white or colored paper, and place over it a piece of carbon paper. Lay both underneath this picture. Over the picture place a thin transparent paper, and trace outlines with pencil. The thin paper is to prevent pencil from injuring the picture. Before cutting out, color by hand.

Patent applied for.

some of its most nu-tri-tious juices are sure to be absorbed and lost."

"It will be fun to put such a lovely kitchen in order. What a table! What a dresser! You girls will certainly have to keep things tidied up and clean."

Mother Doll wiped some imaginary dust off the dresser top.

"Such joy overcomes me," she said, as she sank into one of the kitchen chairs.

"Isn't it too lovely!" said Amy. "Only I wish we had a dining table."

"Amy Doll!" rebuked her mother, "you just make me ashamed! The next thing you'll be wishing for a piano! The French dolls have one," she sighed. "Not that I envy them, of course."

"Ahem!" said Amy. "Here comes Hazel now. What a basketful! No wonder the child was gone a long time."

"Hurry up there," she called, going to the door. "We're 'most starved. Do you know how long you've been?"

"No," cried Hazel, breathlessly, "but, girls, everybody is talking about our house."

"Did you stop at the Post Office, Hazel?" asked Mother Doll. "I've been expecting a letter from Cousin Winnie."

"Yes, Mother, but there was no mail, and Mr. Alfonso said to the grocerman that the house had the best situation in Sandpile Village. 'The drainage,' he said, 'is excellent. And it has a delightful exposure, each room getting some sunshine during the day. It faces south, doesn't it, Miss Hazel?' he asked me."

"Dear me, Mr. Alfonso," I said, "I don't know. I can't tell one direction from another."

"Hazel!" cried Mother Doll, who was really delighted to hear, "be careful how you talk to strangers."

"But, Mother, he's such a 'grandee,'" said Hazel.

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Mother Doll. "Now, you bring those things right in here, and you girls put them away. I'll make the labels for the jars of coffee and tea and spices. Amy may put the things in the dresser and Hazel and May Belle put away the sugar and flour in those nice bins in the kitchen dresser."

"Yes, Mother," said the girls, starting to work. "Where will we keep the pots and pans?"

"In the lower part of the dresser, of course," answered their mother.

"Oh, I thought Willie said they were to be kept in the attic."

"What does he know about such things; he never lived in a house before."

"Heigho, there come our Tony and Will with the pots and pans," exclaimed May Belle and Amy at once.

"And hungry enough to eat the house, you may know," said Hazel.

"Forevermore!" exclaimed Mother Doll, "there's nothing ready to eat! I'll set them to work."

"Here, you boys," she called, "you put the heavy pots and pans in the lower part of the dresser, and the enamel and aluminum ware on the upper shelves."

"Tony!" screamed Amy, "you nearly made me fall! Get off the ladder."

"I have my arms around you," teased Tony, shaking the ladder quite hard.

"It's a cold breakfast for you to-day," exclaimed Amy.

"It'll be a cold breakfast for everybody, I'm think-

ing," said Mother Doll. "They haven't come to put in the gas stove."

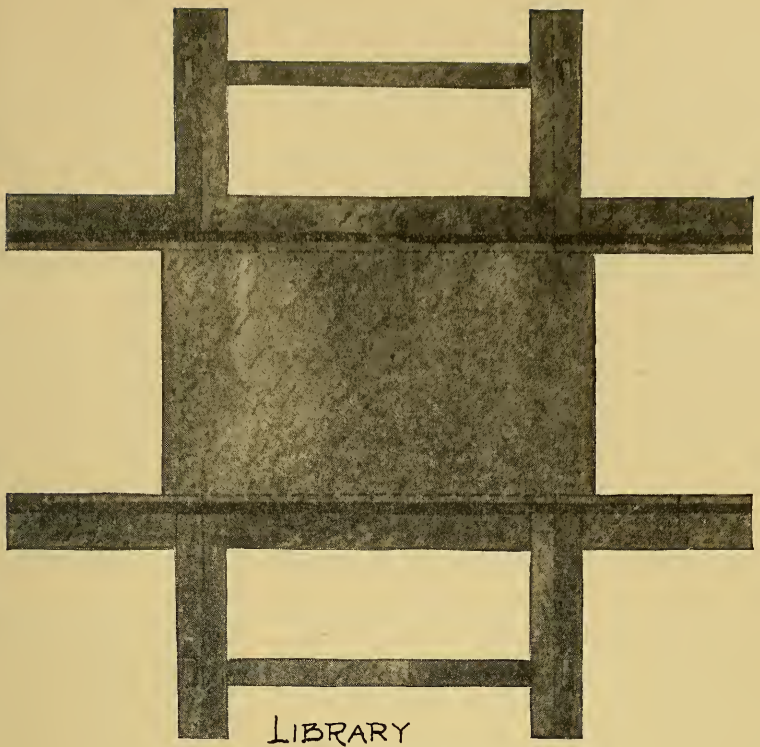
"Who are 'they'?" Mary Frances wondered.

. . . . . .

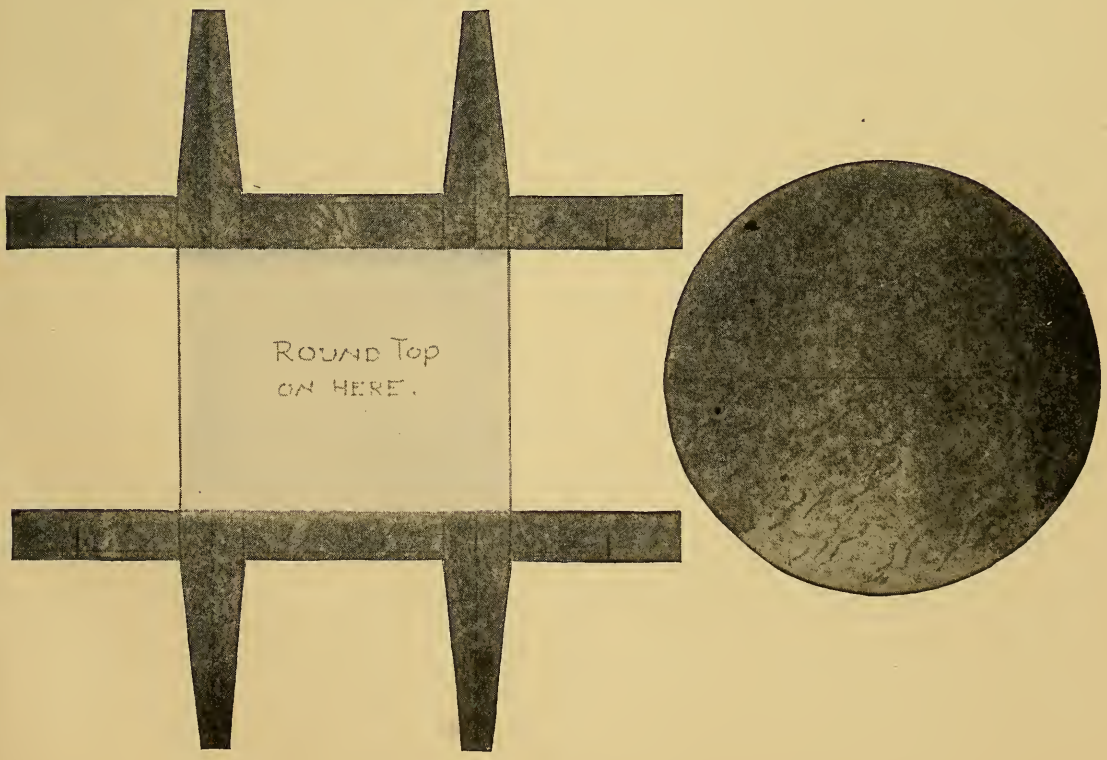
That night she and Billy bent some wire to look like a gas stove, and fastened a lid to the top of a little box for a sink.

As soon as they were finished, Mary Frances slipped them into the kitchen, placing them side by side, and near a window.

"So the dolls will have as few steps as possible, and can see well to cook and wash dishes," she said.



LIBRARY
TABLE



DINING ROOM TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK FURNITURE PAGES

Do not detach or cut this pattern sheet. It should remain permanently in the book to be used as a pattern for making new furniture.

Directions: Take a piece of heavy white or colored paper, and place over it a piece of carbon paper. Lay both underneath this picture. Over the picture place a thin transparent paper, and trace outlines with pencil. The thin paper is to prevent pencil from injuring the picture. Before cutting out, color by hand.

Patent applied for.

CHAPTER VIII

The Dolls' Dining Room Furniture

"I HAVE some drawings all ready, Mary Frances," said her mother a day or two later. "I felt certain the dolls would need to use their dining room next. The poor things can't enjoy eating in the kitchen all the time. When Billy comes in, you can make the dining room chairs."

"Won't that please the Doll family!" exclaimed Mary Frances. "My, they will be proud—they have had to use the kitchen table all this time."

"Well, I'm glad they are to have a pleasant surprise," said her mother. "Here are the patterns for—

The Dining Table

See Insert III

Cut out. Cut notches.

Score with a pin on dotted lines.

Lock straps together by means of notches, pointing ends of straps underneath.

Apply round top.

See illustration of finished article.

THE CHINA CLOSET

See Insert IV

Cut out. Cut slits in back to hold straps.
Score with a pin along dotted lines. Fold on scored lines.
Slip straps into slits, matching letter to letter.

THE BUFFET

See Insert V

Cut out. Cut slits to hold straps.
Score with a pin along dotted lines. Fold on scored lines.
Slip straps into slits, matching letter to letter.
See illustration of finished article.

THE DINING CHAIRS

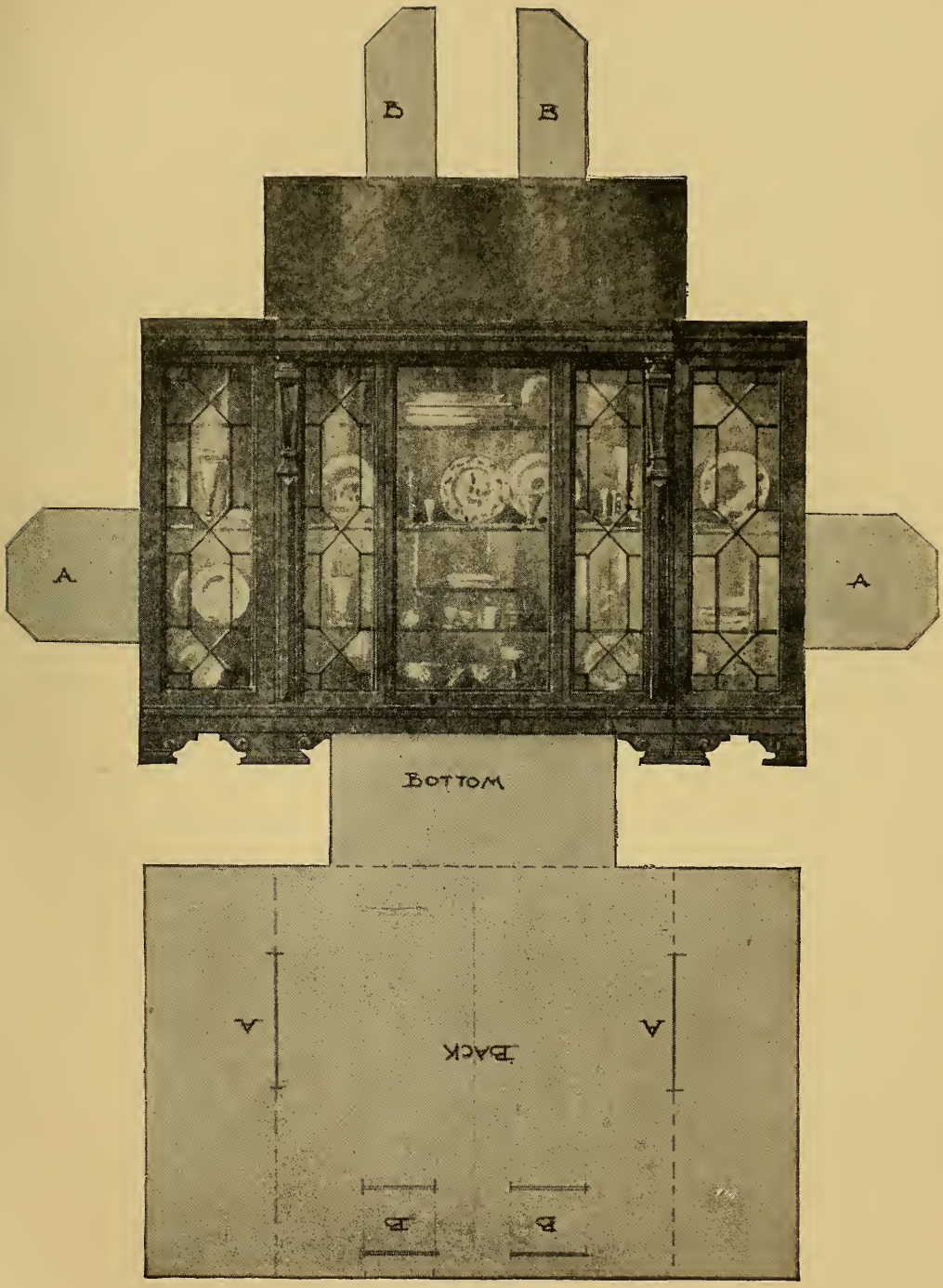
See Insert VII

Cut out carefully, cutting down lines between chair back and straps. Cut notches. Score with a pin along dotted lines. Fold on scored lines. Lock straps together by means of notches.
See illustration of finished article.

The children didn't get the dining room furniture quite finished that day.

"I'll wait until we have it all ready," said Mary Frances, "before I put it in the house. When will that be, Billy?"

"Oh, about to-morrow night," answered Billy.



CHINA CLOSET

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK FURNITURE PAGES

Do not detach or cut this pattern sheet. It should remain permanently in the book to be used as a pattern for making new furniture.

Directions: Take a piece of heavy white or colored paper, and place over it a piece of carbon paper. Lay both underneath this picture. Over the picture place a thin transparent paper, and trace outlines with pencil. The thin paper is to prevent pencil from injuring the picture. Before cutting out, color by hand.

Patent applied for.

CHAPTER IX

The Dolls Get a Maid

"FOREVERMORE!" exclaimed Mother Doll two mornings later. "Forevermore! Come look, girls, at this dining room furniture! Isn't it grand! If only your dear father were here. I wonder where he is!"

"Gee-whit-a-kers!" exclaimed Willie Doll. "We are the swell kids. Wouldn't Pop enjoy this?"

"William," said Mother Doll, "that's enough of such talk. Let's examine the furniture."

"Where did it all come from?" asked Tony.

"Isn't the table fine?" said Hazel.

"Much finer if it had a dinner on it," exclaimed Tony, who was nearly always hungry.

"Whew, Tony," said Amy, "you'd like a neck as long as a giraffe's."

"What for?" asked Tony.

"To enjoy your food longer," laughed Willie Doll.

"What's this article?" said Tony walking up to the

buffet and pretending to examine it through imaginary eye-glasses.

"It's the goose-catcher," exclaimed Amy. "Better run away, Tony."

Every doll laughed.

"What a lovely china closet!" said May Belle.

"Show-case," muttered Tony Doll.

"Mother," asked Hazel, "may I arrange the dishes in it?"

"Not until you girls have done something more important—and you might as well begin right away. Come out in the kitchen all of you and learn—

How to Wash Dishes

1. Scrape and pile dishes. Put cooking pans to soak.
2. Wash glass and silver in hot soapy water.
3. Dry glass and silver.
4. Wash cups and saucers, then plates, then the more greasy dishes, and finally,
5. The cooking pans. Use sandpaper to scour off scorched places.
6. Wipe off the stove with newspaper.
7. To clean the sink, pour a little kerosene on a cloth. Rub well. Rinse well with cold water, and wipe dry.

BUFFET

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK FURNITURE PAGES

Do not detach or cut this pattern sheet. It should remain permanently in the book to be used as a pattern for making new furniture.

Directions: Take a piece of heavy white or colored paper, and place over it a piece of carbon paper. Lay both underneath this picture. Over the picture place a thin transparent paper, and trace outlines with pencil. The thin paper is to prevent pencil from injuring the picture. Before cutting out, color by hand.

Patent applied for.

"Mercy, Mother," exclaimed Hazel, "the sink isn't dishes."

"It ought to be as clean," said Mother Doll. "Now, you go to work. So then! I'd rather do it myself than to bother with you. You may dry the dishes, though, and put them away while I wash them."

"Just like Mother," exclaimed Tony; "no wonder our girls are spoiled."

"Women are certainly a puzzle to me," said Willie Doll, shaking his head.

"Forevermore!" exclaimed Mother Doll.

"I don't see how we can do the work of this house ourselves," she continued. "We'll have to have help now we're getting so much beautiful furniture. A half-grown girl could tend the baby and wait on the table."

"There was a colored girl at the grocery store this morning," said Hazel.

"Ahem!" thought Mary Frances. "It's good that I saved that colored paper doll Aunt Maria gave me."

"They said she had run away from the Colored Home for Homeless Children—or was it the Colored

Refuge for Orphans? Anyway, she was looking for a place."

"So then!" exclaimed Mother Doll. "Why didn't you bring her home? Go right away and find her, Hazel. And, Hazel, don't forget to bring home a chicken, and a fish, and a ham, and a pound of butter, and half a dozen shoe buttons—and oh, Hazel, bring two loaves of bread."

"Mercy, Mother!" cried Hazel, "I'm afraid I'll ask for half a pound of colored girls, two loaves of chicken, and half a dozen fish-buttons!"

"Oh, go on," said Amy, giving her a shove.

. . . . . .

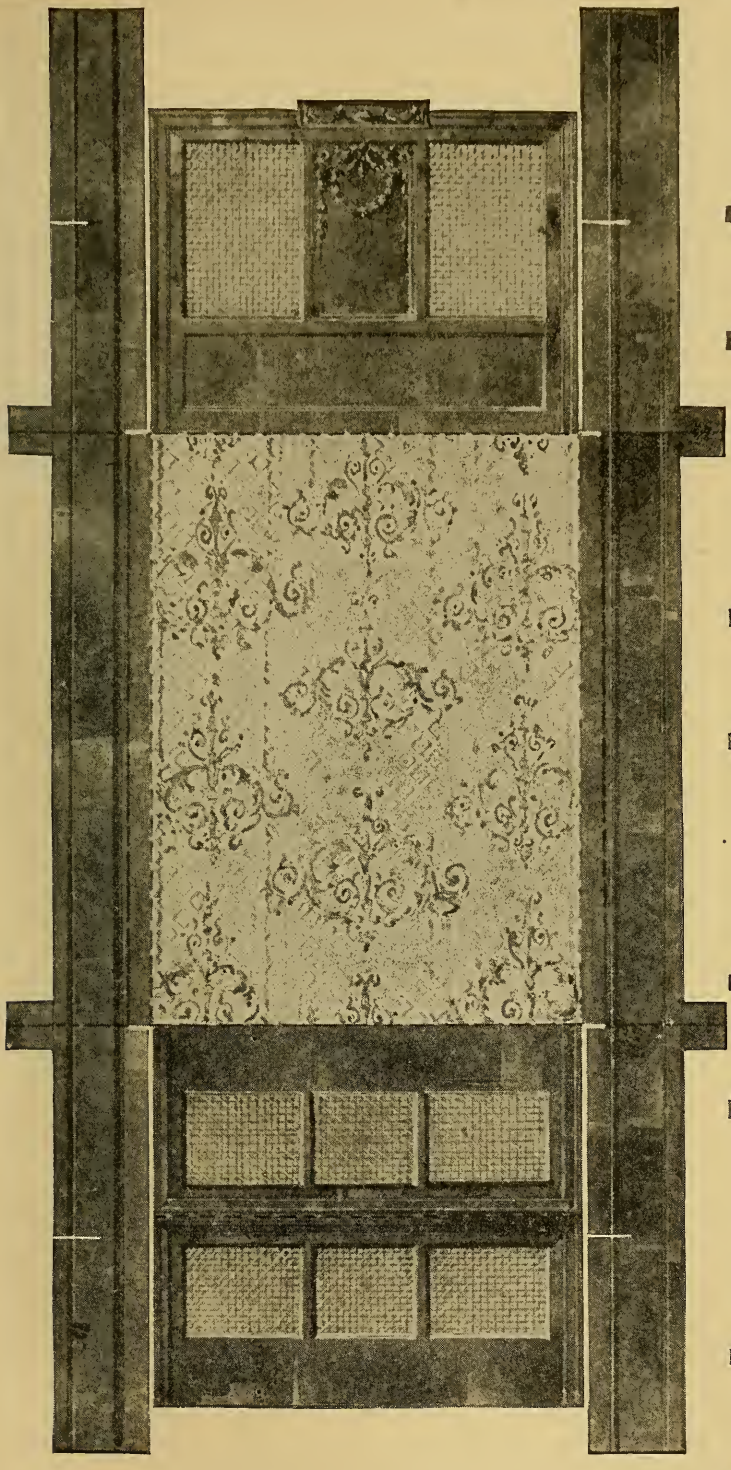
"Oh, Mother, look! Here comes our maid," cried Tony, looking out the window.

"Forevermore!" exclaimed Mother Doll. "Now, I am in for it! 'Our maid'—another child to bring up! What a comical looking creature she is, to be sure!"

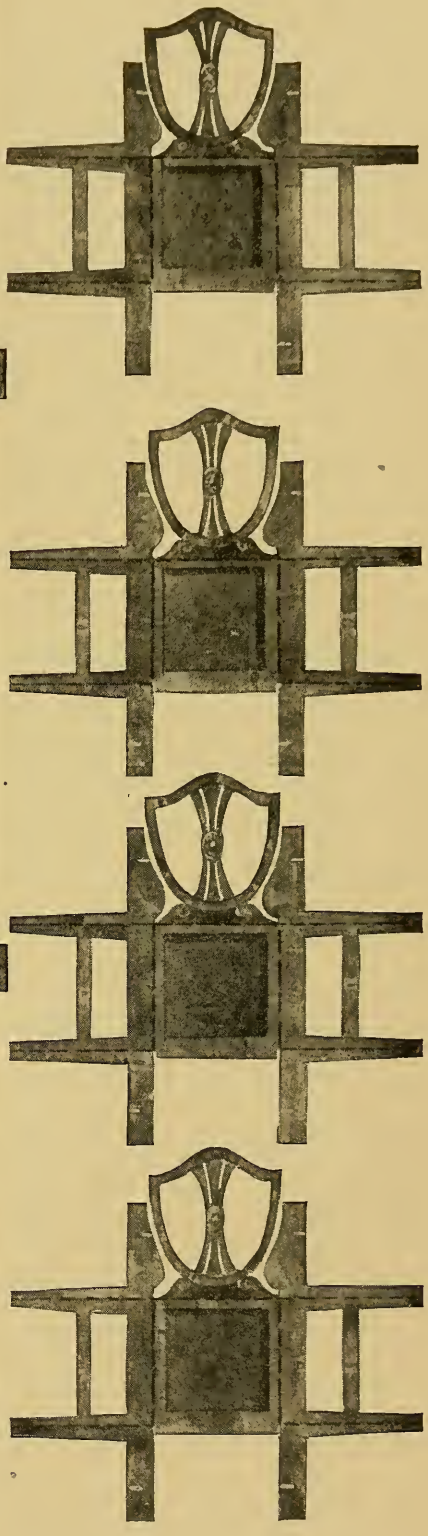
Hazel came in with the colored girl.

"Here she is, Mother. She wanted to run all the way."

"How do you do?" asked Mother Doll, "and what is your name, child?"



DOUBLE BED



BED ROOM CHAIRS

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK FURNITURE PAGES

Do not detach or cut this pattern sheet. It should remain permanently in the book to be used as a pattern for making new furniture.

Directions: Take a piece of heavy white or colored paper, and place over it a piece of carbon paper. Lay both underneath this picture. Over the picture place a thin transparent paper, and trace outlines with pencil. The thin paper is to prevent pencil from injuring the picture. Before cutting out, color by hand.

Patent applied for.

"I don't do as I please often, ma'am; and my name's Lucinda Marguerite Lily."

"Lucinda Marguerite Lily," said Mother Doll. "Do you know how to prepare vegetables?"

"Yes'am," replied Lucinda. "Yes'am, I learnt that 'fore I went to the Refuge. All you got to do when they-all ain't looking is to grab 'em and when you dun got 'em, to speed quick."

"I don't mean steal them. I mean get potatoes and tomatoes ready to eat."

"Oh, yes'am, I takes 'em just as I gets 'em. I ain't used to butter, and I likes little salt; but I don't take much time to get 'em ready," said Lucinda, her white teeth showing.

"Hopelesser and more hopelesser!" exclaimed Tony.

"Hopelesser and more cheerfuller!" said May Belle.

"Lucinda Marguerite Lily is a dreadfully long name," said Mother Doll.

"They called me Cinda for short," said Lucinda.

"Cinders," whispered Tony—but Mother Doll looked at him and shook her head.

CHAPTER X

Cinda Waits on Table

"AND now," said Mother Doll, "since dinner is all ready, I want you——"

"Yas'em," said Cinda.

"To put on my white apron, and learn——"

"Yas'em," said Cinda.

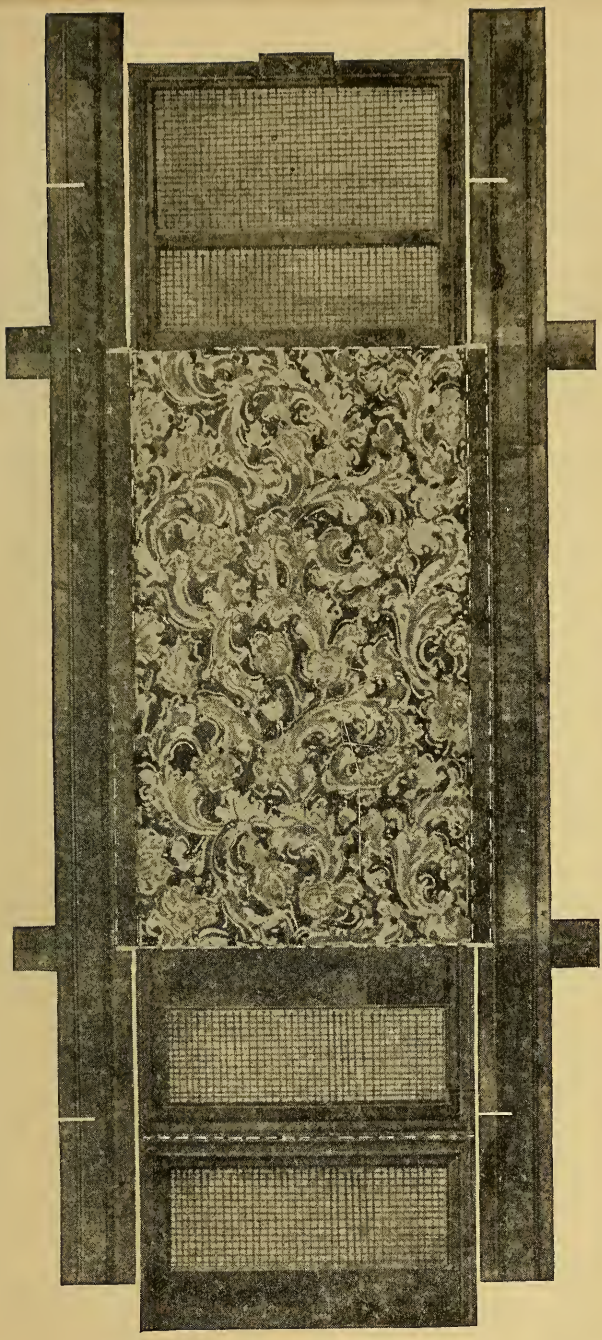
How to Wait on Table

1. Place plates before a guest from the right side.
2. Remove used plates from the left—never more than two at a time.
3. Hold at the left side, the dish from which the person at the table is to serve himself.
4. Serve the eldest or most honored lady first; then ladies of the family; then the hostess; then the gentlemen.
5. See that the glasses of water are refilled.

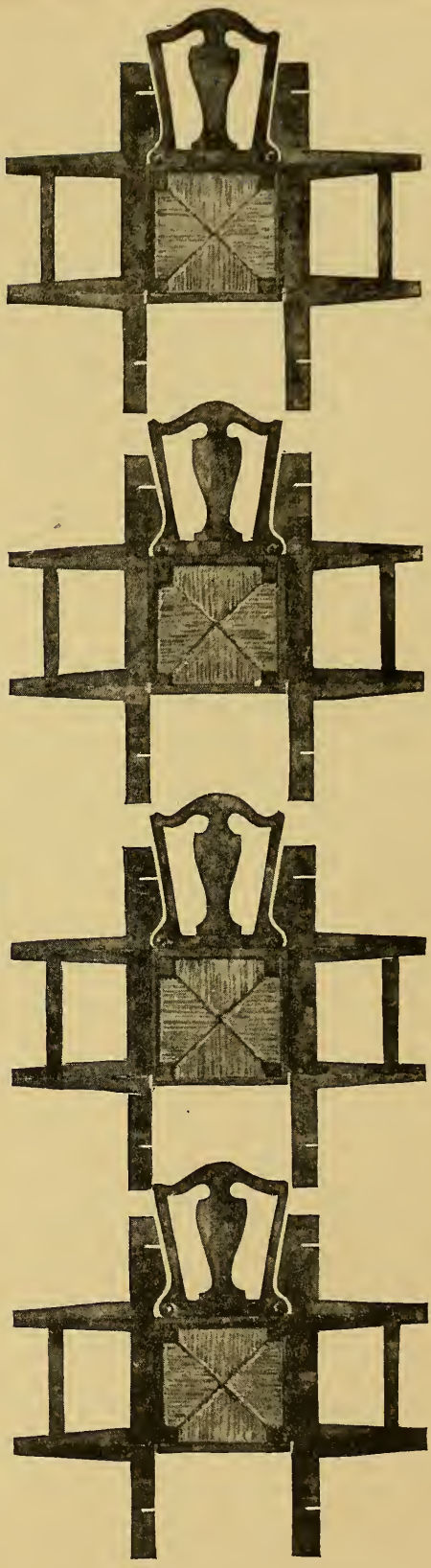
"Do you think you can remember all those rules, Cinda?"

"Yas'em," said Lucinda.

"All right. You may announce dinner."



SINGLE BED



DINING ROOM CHAIRS

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK FURNITURE PAGES

Do not detach or cut this pattern sheet. It should remain permanently in the book to be used as a pattern for making new furniture.

Directions: Take a piece of heavy white or colored paper, and place over it a piece of carbon paper. Lay both underneath this picture. Over the picture place a thin transparent paper, and trace outlines with pencil. The thin paper is to prevent pencil from injuring the picture. Before cutting out, color by hand.

Patent applied for.

"Where's the bell?" asked Lucinda.

"Oh, just tell them dinner is served," said Mother Doll.

Lucinda went to the door.

"Say," she called, "you-alls come to dinner—it's ready!"

"Did you tell the young ladies that dinner is ready, Cinda?" asked Mother Doll.

"Yas'em, I done did it," said Lucinda.

"I don't see why they do not come. How did you announce it?" asked Mother Doll. "What did you say?"

"I says, 'You-alls come to dinner, it's ready.' "

"Oh, no," said Mother Doll, "you should go to Miss Amy or Miss May Belle and say very quietly, 'Dinner is served, Miss.' "

"Yas'em," said Lucinda. "I'll tell 'em."

She went out to Amy Doll, and said, "Done did it wrong. I ought to say, Oh, Jerusalem! I done forgot it—anyhow, it means yo' dinnah is ready to eat, Miss Amy."

"Dinner is served," said Amy. "All come."

"That was it. That was it," said Lucinda. "I

thought it would come to me. Gracious mercy-on-us! I sure thought I'd done forgot it."

. . . . . .

"Cinda," exclaimed Mother Doll, "you have both your thumbs in that soup!"

"Yas'em, it done flowed ober 'em, Miss Doll."

"Oh, forevermore! Go out and get a fresh clean plate of soup," ordered Mother Doll, "and use the silver waiter with the doily, on the dresser."

"She certainly is a jewel—a treasure, Mother," said Amy. "Be careful some one doesn't come and steal her."

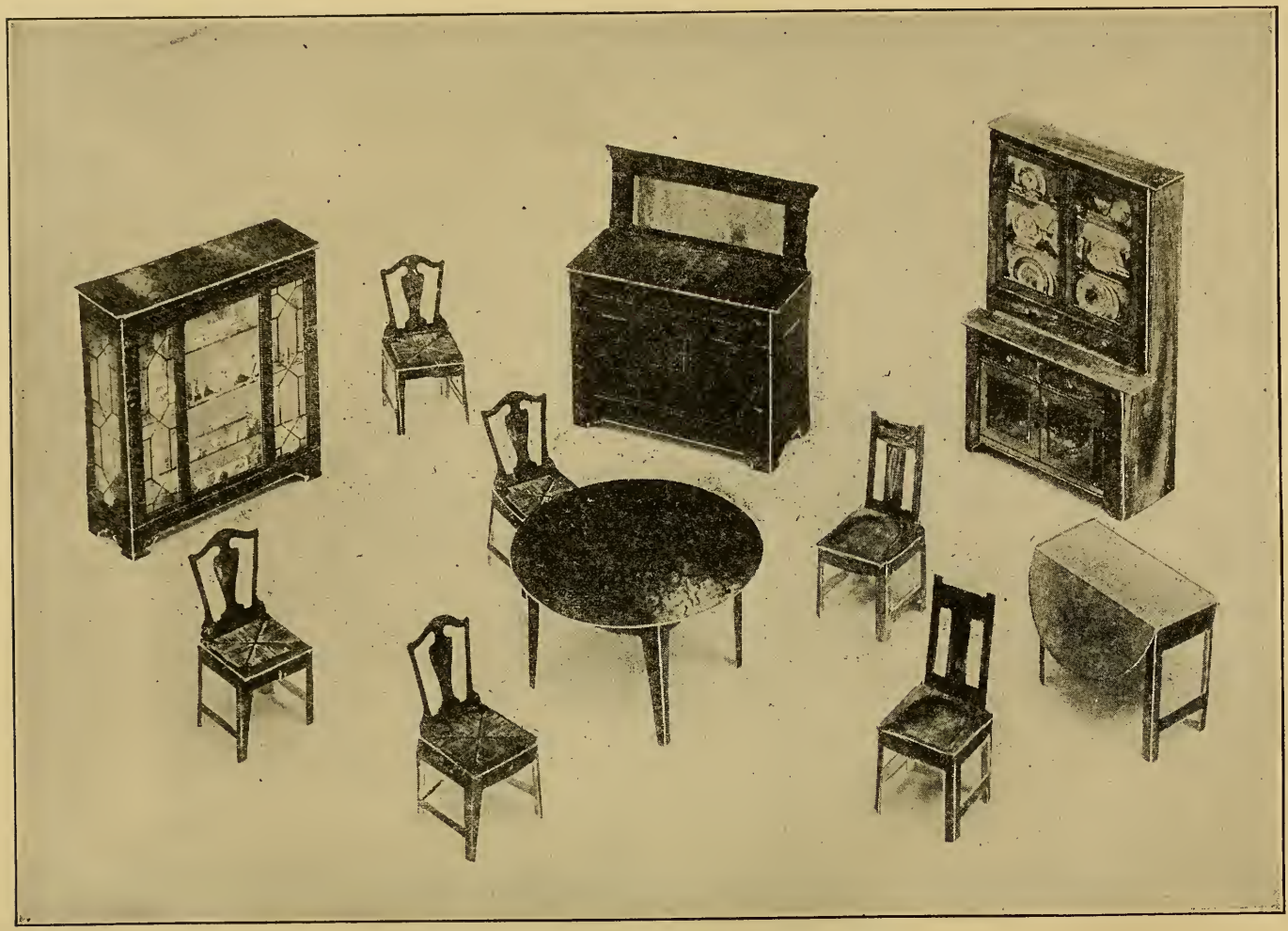
"I will have to give her directions and training. She will not behave very quietly until she's well in hand."

"Hush!" whispered Amy, as Lucinda again appeared at the door with the soup.

"Excuse me, Miss Doll," she said, "but there's a man at the do'——"

"A man at the door! Oh, children!" Mother Doll turned white. "Perhaps it's your father!"

"And he said," went on Lucinda, "didn't you-alls want to buy a bouquet of flowers. They are pretty,



KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM FURNITURE

Kitchen Cabinet. Kitchen Table. Kitchen Chairs. China Closet. Buffet. Dining Table. Dining Chairs.

awful pretty—almost as pretty as artificial wax ones."

"Tell him, no, thank you," said Mother Doll; "and Cinda, you may remove the soup dishes and pass the plates as Mr. Tony carves the meat."

Tony began to carve the painted chicken on the wooden plate.

"Oh, my goodness gracious, mercy-on-us," whispered Lucinda, running out into the kitchen with a soup plate in each hand. "Wherever do I put these at? And there's Mr. Tony ready! I'll just pile 'em on the floo'."

"What are you doing, Cinda?" called Mother Doll. "Oh, there's the door bell! Put those dishes on the kitchen table and go to the door. Do you hear what I'm saying?"

"Yas'am."

"Please, Miss Doll," said Cinda, coming back, "Miss French sent word, would you and Miss Amy drive with her this afternoon. If you-all'l go, she'll call at three o'clock in her lizzardzine.

Everybody burst out laughing.

"Cinders," said Tony, "say limousine."

"Limerzine," said Cinda. "Is that the answer?"

"Wait," said Mother Doll. "Excuse me, please; I'll see the messenger myself."

"Whatever was the matter with them-all," said Lucinda aloud to herself in the kitchen. "Whatever is the matter that they all done busted out a-laughin'."

"Mother," asked May Belle, "may I wait on the table this time, and let Cinda help me—to teach her how?"

"Thank you, my dear," said Mother Doll, "if you will."

"Now, Cinda," said May Belle, "in the first place, a good maid never says anything more than is absolutely necessary, even when spoken to."

"Yas'em," said Lucinda.

"Remember that," said May Belle. "Now, you may take in the dessert. Say nothing more than absolutely necessary."

"Yes'em," said Lucinda.

"Does Miss May Belle need to stay out in the kitchen?" asked Mother Doll.

"Ab-so-luke-ly neck-is-sary!" replied Lucinda, who had been practicing since May Belle told her.

Everybody smiled but didn't say anything until Lucinda had gone into the kitchen.

"Well, strike me pink!" exclaimed Willie, "Where'd she learn that? Some of May Belle's airs, you may depend."

"Now I'm going into the dining-room," said May Belle, as Lucinda came back into the kitchen. "When we want you, we'll ring. And here's your dessert, Cinda."

"Thank you, Miss May Belle," said Lucinda. "I sure am interesting in that." She went out on the steps as soon as May Belle was gone and began to eat it before the rest of her dinner.

"Ring again, Mother dear," exclaimed Hazel, but Lucinda was eating her dessert on the step, and did not hear the call-bell.

"Mother," said Tony, "Cinders waits well."

"Ah," sighed Mother Doll, "servants are such a trial."

"Oh, where did she learn to put on such airs?" laughed Mary Frances to herself.

"Well, Mother," said Tony, "Cinders has one accomplishment. She can talk."

"Say," exclaimed Willie, "if hot air were music, she'd be a whole brass band!"

"William," cried Mother Doll, "slang is a disease with you. I'll have to have a doctor look you over."

"Old Doc Pill Box," said Tony laughing.

WILLIE DOLL
AMY DOLL
-Julia Greene-

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK DOLL PAGES

Do not cut this sheet. Use it as a model for making new dolls, by tracing and coloring in the same way as new furniture. (See duplicate pages of furniture for directions.)

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLORED DOLL PAGES

BEFORE CUTTING OUT THESE DOLLS SEE PLATE I

PLATE II

Directions: Cut out along black and colored lines. Score all dotted lines with a pin, then cut along scored lines.

Fold name base back along black lines. Make easels like the one attached to Lucinda, and fasten to name base and shoulders of these dolls.

CHAPTER XI

Who Stole the Pie?

"SIMPLE Simon, Simon, Simon," sang Willie to himself, looking at the beautiful paper mince pie which Mother Doll had just taken from the oven and placed on the table to cool, before going into the dining room.

"Gee! doesn't it look good!" and he tiptoed back to look at the tempting brown crust from a distance. "I could eat the whole thing myself—oh, wouldn't it taste fine!"

Then he went near the table again and very carefully broke off a crumb of the crust

"Ah, that's some pie! Mother certainly can make pie!" and he broke a larger piece, with some of the filling, and thrust it into his mouth, but he didn't notice a round black face looking at him through the door.

"One little bit more, and—oh my! I almost wish it wasn't so good!"

Just at that moment there came the sound of

footsteps, and Willie hurried out of the kitchen door into the garden and around the corner of the house.

"So then! So then!" exclaimed Mother Doll, eyeing the broken pie.

"So then! that's some of Cinda's work, no doubt. I declare, it certainly is discouraging. I'll have to punish that girl. Whatever will I do?"

"If she'd only asked me," Mother Doll went on. "If she'd only asked me, I'd let her have more than she'd dare steal. Why couldn't she wait until the pie was cool?"

"Cinda! Cinda!" she called, "come here immediately."

"Yas'em," said Cinda coming to the kitchen.

"Cinda," said Mother Doll, "own right up! Own right up! Why did you break into that new pie? Why couldn't you wait a while or ask for it?"

"Oh, mercy-on-us!" exclaimed Cinda. "Oh, Miss Doll, I didn't tech that pie,—no, 'am, no 'am. Not neber did this heah chile tech that pie, so help me! Neber in the world mercy-on-us!"

"You say so much," said Mother Doll, "you must be guilty. You must be, or you wouldn't be so scared.

Besides, who else could do it? All the children are out of the house except the baby, and a little baby that can't walk couldn't do such a thing."

"Oh, Miss Doll, oh, Miss Doll," exclaimed Cinda, "it's the gospel truf, I didn't tech that pie! Cross ma heart thirteen times sideways, and may I be turned into a lobster with a wolf's head and a snake's tail if that ain't the truf!"

"The more you deny it, Cinda, the more I'm inclined to believe you did it," continued Mother Doll angrily, "and I am going to whip the one that broke into that pie—so then!"

"Oh, Miss Doll, kind Miss Doll, yo' don't need to whip me. I didn't touch yo' old pie, I tell yo'. I——"

"That will do, Cinda," exclaimed Mother Doll. "First, you did wrong by breaking into the pie; then you told a story; now you are rude and impudent to your best friend. For shame!"

Then Cinda began to cry, "Oh, Miss Doll, please don't whip me, please don't whip me!"

"That's exactly what I'm going to do," exclaimed Mother Doll.

"I've had to whip several of my own children at least once in my life—and, so then! I'll not fail in my duty towards you, Cinda. The idea of your doing what you've done. You bad girl!"

"Oh, Miss Doll," said Cinda, "can't you please wait till to-morrow?"

"Forevermore!" exclaimed Mother Doll, "what'll you ask next!"

"Just thought you might fin' out I done told the truf."

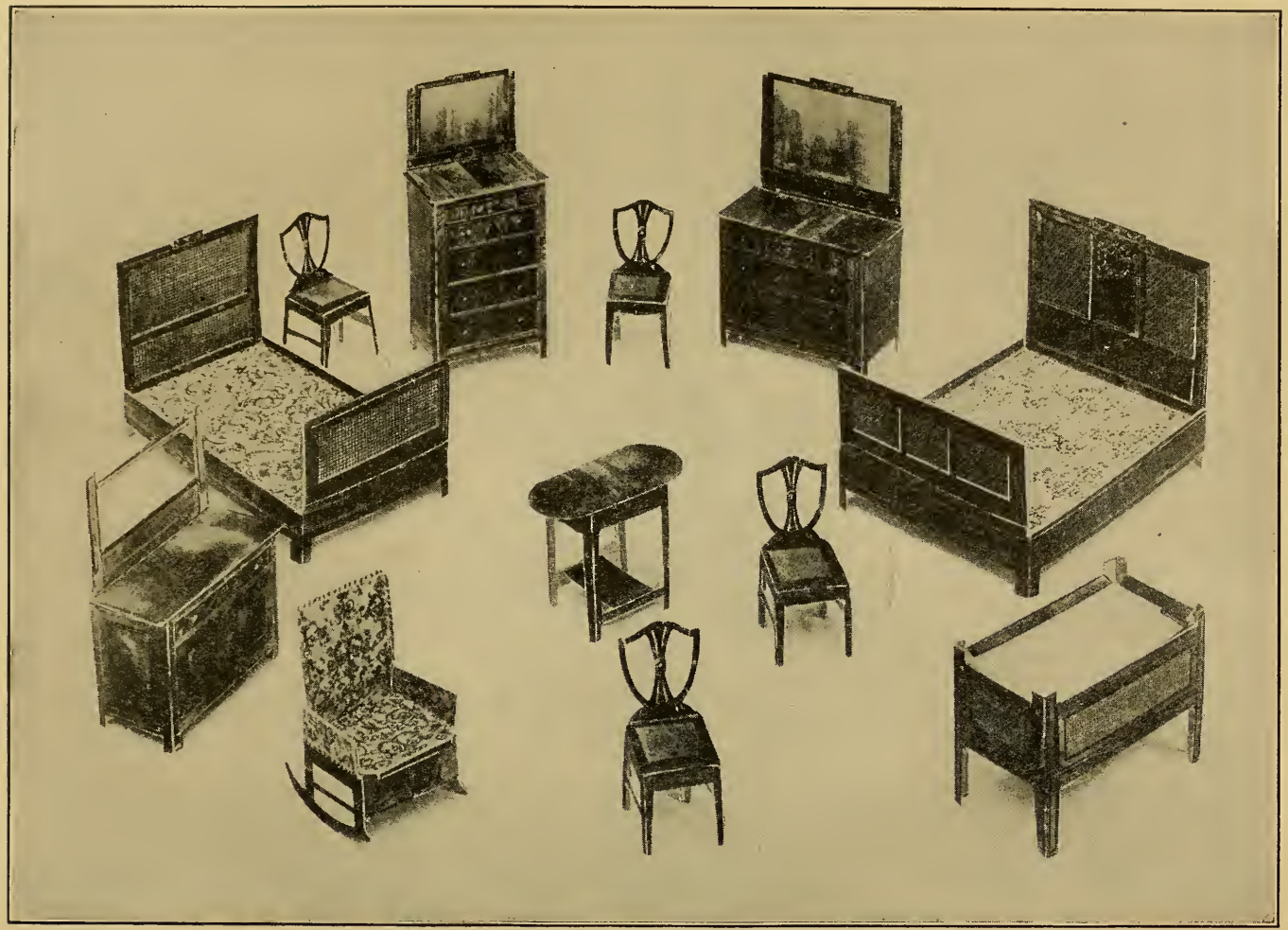
"Just thinking I'll forget, I guess, Cinda. You certainly do grieve me, Cinda. I think you might be good."

"I'll be good, Miss Doll," sobbed Cinda, "I'll be good, and if you wants to, you can whip me. Bo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"

"Forevermore!" exclaimed Mother Doll. "Stop that crying or I'll whip you right away—do you hear?"

"Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!" sobbed Cinda again and again, so loud that Willie Doll heard it where he was hiding around the corner of the house.

"Poor old Cinders! I wonder if she's getting



BEDROOM FURNITURE

Bureau. Chiffonier. Washstand. Bedsteads. Bedroom Table. Bedroom Rocker. Bedroom Chairs.

blamed for the pie," he whispered, and sneaked back under the open kitchen window.

"You'll cry for something real," said Mother Doll, taking hold of Cinda's shoulder and shaking her.

"Whew!" whispered Willie to himself, "I guess it's all up with you, William," and he jumped up and ran into the house.

"Don't, Mother," he said. "Stop shaking Cinda—good old girl never to tell on me. I stole the pie!"

"You?"

"Yes, Mother, I did it. I stole the pie. It was I! It was I! I stole the pie!"

"You?" exclaimed Mother Doll. "You, William? Well, so then! Forevermore! If I don't give you a whipping you'll remember." And Mother Doll raised the cane she had in her hand (it was really a broom splint Mary Frances had dropped on the floor) and brought it down on his back so hard it broke.

"Mother," said Willie sadly, "I'm awfully sorry—and I'll never do such a thing again—but since the whip's broken, I guess I'm not meant to have——

"Oh, go 'long with you!" sighed Mother Doll,

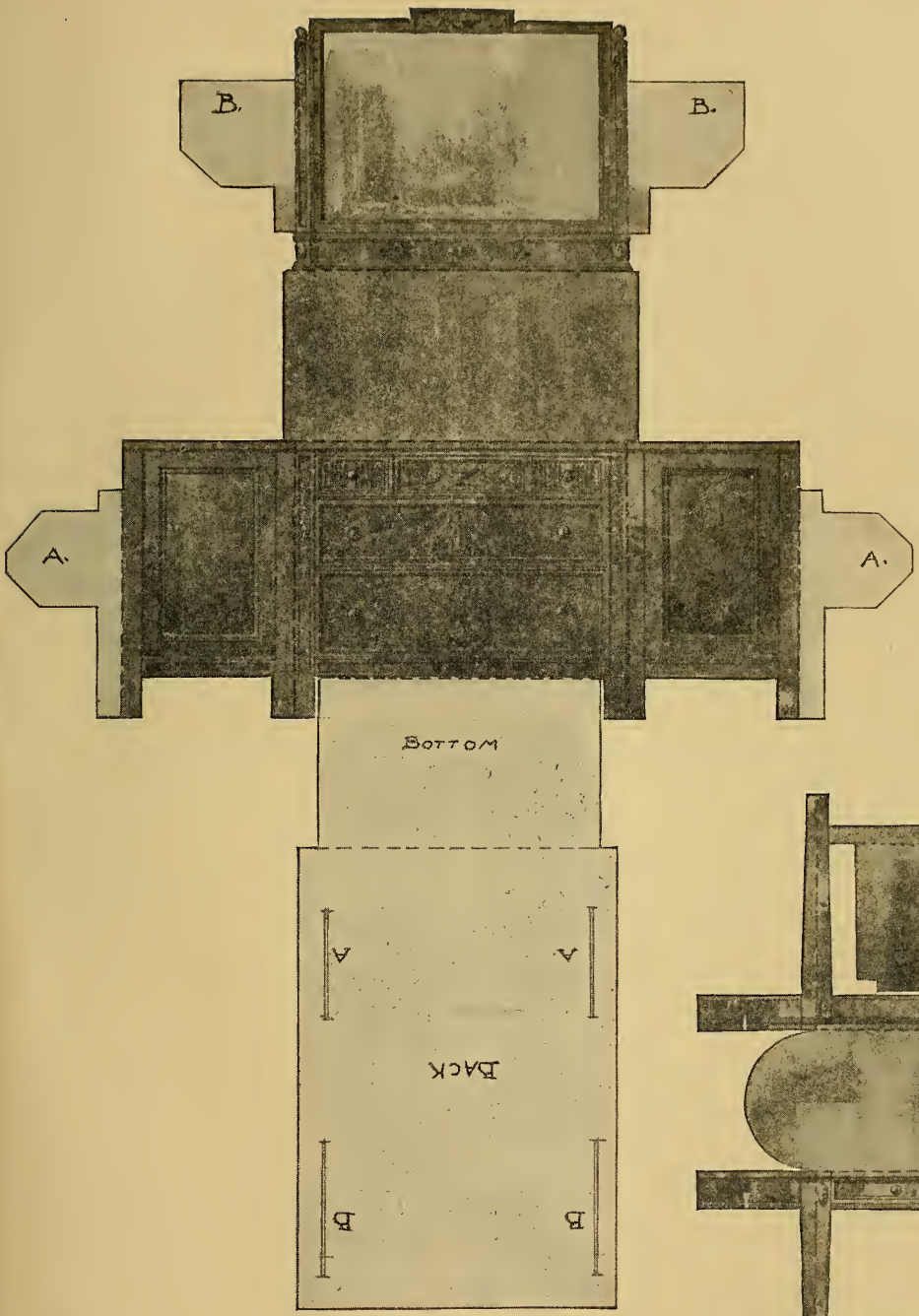
"while I tell Cinda how sorry I am to have been so unkind and unjust to her, and while I ask her to—forgive me. I'm in the wrong. Will you forgive me, Cinda?"

"Oh, Miss Doll, when you is so good to me—you don't need ask me to forgive you—I dun forgive eberybody eberything always—'cause it makes me feel so good."

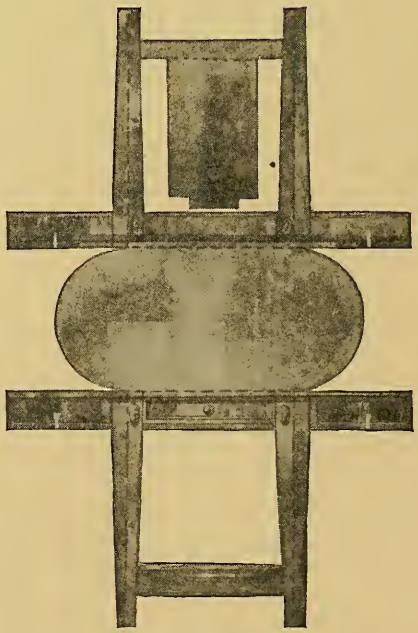
"And William shall give you his share of pie for a whole week," said Mother Doll.

"Yes, and Cinda," said Willie, "you can have that red muffler Cousin Winnie knit for me."

"Oh, Mister Willie. Oh, Miss Doll," exclaimed Cinda. "I suhtenly do wish Mister Willie'd steal pie every day if—oh, no I don't neither—but it almost makes me wish he would."



BUREAU



BED ROOM TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK FURNITURE PAGES

Do not detach or cut this pattern sheet. It should remain permanently in the book to be used as a pattern for making new furniture.

Directions: Take a piece of heavy white or colored paper, and place over it a piece of carbon paper. Lay both underneath this picture. Over the picture place a thin transparent paper, and trace outlines with pencil. The thin paper is to prevent pencil from injuring the picture. Before cutting out, color by hand.

Patent applied for.

CHAPTER XII

The Dolls Clean House

"THE first thing, in cleaning house," said Mother Doll, bustling about the bedroom, "is to clean the floor perfectly, then lay the rug. If we don't get the rugs down in time, you children may have to sleep on the floor again. You needn't say a word now, Hazel. You've slept in far worse places. What's that? You haven't? You've slept hanging head downwards with your toe caught in the end of the radiator, and you were bent double, too—if that is any better—and, Tony, where'd you sleep all last week?"

"Under the bath-tub," said Tony.

"Goodness!" thought Mary Frances. "Did I drop him there?"

"Come," exclaimed Mother Doll, "I won't ask any of you others, knowing what plights you've been in.

"Now, you, Amy, begin to sweep. No, sweep *with* the way the boards run, to get the dust from

between the boards. This applies to carpets, too—*with* the pile. Remember, sweep with the pile, to get out all the dust.

"Tony, bring the rug in from the hall. You better wipe up all the dust from the floor with the mop, first.

"Hazel, you ought to have dusted before we began, then covered up the dusted articles with a cloth. No, child, always begin at the top of the room in dusting—then the dust falls."

"Well, Cinda, what's the matter?"

"Please, ma'am, a geniman left a normanac at the doo'."

"A normanac. What's that? I give up," exclaimed Mother Doll.

"It has pixtures of the weather in, and about pills and things that'll cure eberything."

"Oh," exclaimed Tony Doll, "an almanac. Ha, ha!"

"That's what I done said!" exclaimed Lucinda. "A normanac. And the geniman said he was an actorbat outside of work, and wouldn't you please give him something to eat. He said if I done get

something for him, he'd give me tickets for preserved seats for the next show where he done did swing-ings."

"Cinders," said Tony, looking very comical trying to pull up his painted sleeves, "ask the acrobat if his name is Punch. Tell him Mr. Anthony Doll wishes to know."

"No'em—Yes'am, I mean—yas suh," said Lucinda.

In a minute she came bounding up the stairs. She was laughing.

"Did you ask him, Cinders?" asked Tony, even before she knocked.

"Yas suh, yas suh," said Lucinda, the whites of her eyes and her teeth showing. "Yas suh, and yo' all ought to of seed him speed! He look that scairt!"

"No wonder," exclaimed Willie Doll. "He knew Tony would 'punch the tar'——"

"That will do," said Mother Doll severely.

"What will do?" asked Lucinda, not understanding.

"Cinda," said Mother Doll, "do not answer back. It is impertinent."

"'Yours not to make reply,
Yours not to reason why,
Yours but to do or die'——"

quoted Tony, interrupting.

"Law! Mercy-on-us!" whispered Lucinda. "Who said die?"—and she ran downstairs, two steps at a time.

"That's it, Tony!" said Mother Doll. "Unroll that lovely rug carefully. I almost wish we had matting on the floor first. It makes a delightful combination for a bedroom floor—a rug over matting."

"What's the rush, Mother?" asked Tony Doll.

"Yes, Mother," said Amy, "one might think you were expecting more furniture."

"I'm hoping the Fairy Lady who sent our other lovely furniture"—("Oh," thought Mary Frances. "Am I a Fairy Lady? How lovely!")

"Admirable!" exclaimed Tony Doll. "Your ability to receive gifts always makes me wonder, Mother. Surely your capacity to receive is only equal to Cinda's appetite for watermelon."

"Saucy boy!" laughed Mother Doll, who always

indulged him, he being, in her heart, the favorite of her children.

"It is only a sign of faith to be ready to receive gifts," replied Mother Doll.

"Especially beds," laughed the children.

"The beds come next," said Mary Frances to herself. "Goody!"

CHAPTER XIII

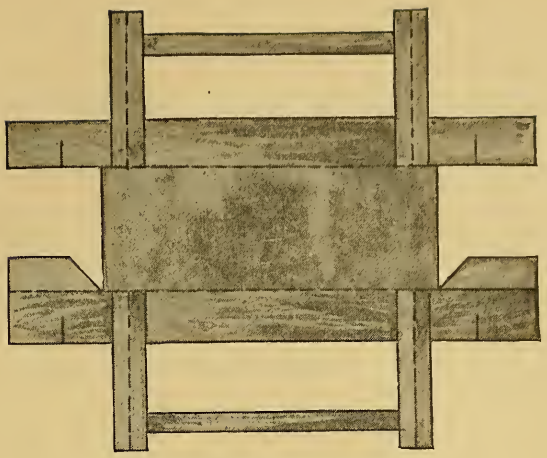
The Dolls' Bedroom Furniture

"MOTHER dear," said Mary Frances, "they haven't a place to sleep in. They need bedsteads scandalously! They say it's comfortable on the rug in the bedroom, but wouldn't they love a bedstead?"

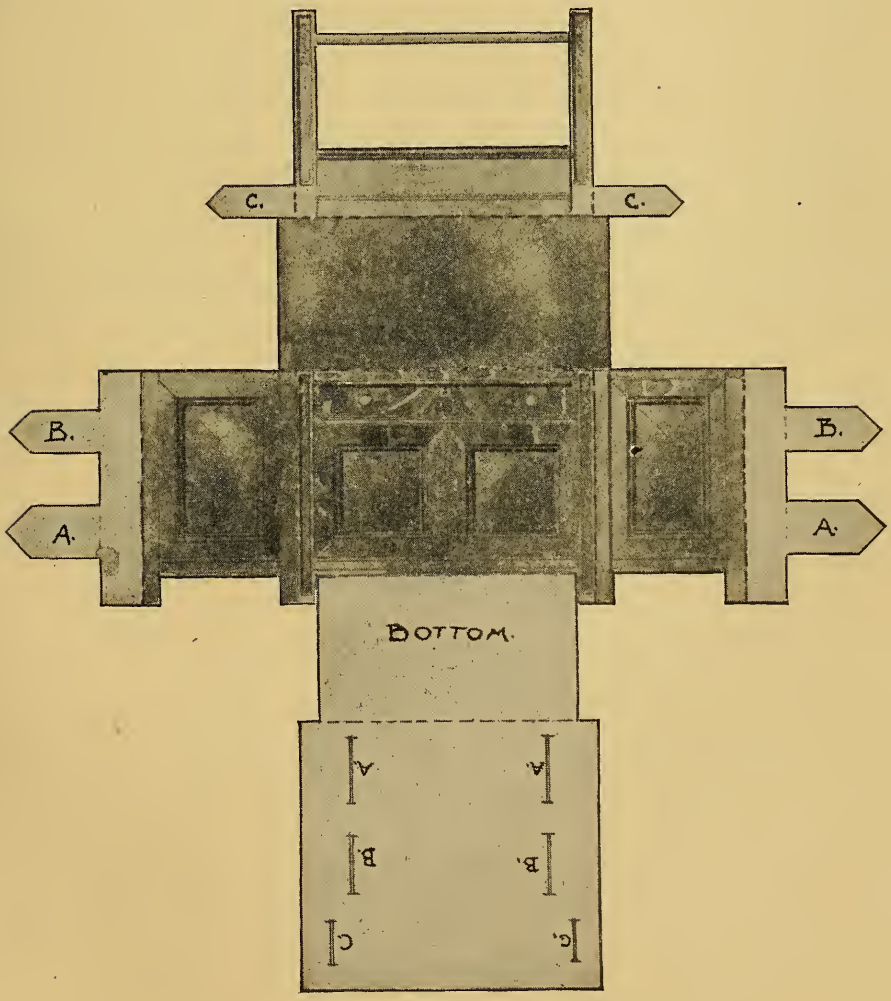
"'They,' the dolls, I suppose," laughed her mother. "That is just what I thought, dear, so I have the drawings made for a 'place for them to sleep in.'"

"A place where the dolls
May lie and dream
Of plaster-of-Paris
Pink ice cream;
And plates of cakes
That they cannot waste,
And lemonade
That they cannot taste,"

interrupted Billy.



PIANO BENCH.



WASH STAND.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK FURNITURE PAGES

Do not detach or cut this pattern sheet. It should remain permanently in the book to be used as a pattern for making new furniture.

Directions: Take a piece of heavy white or colored paper, and place over it a piece of carbon paper. Lay both underneath this picture. Over the picture place a thin transparent paper, and trace outlines with pencil. The thin paper is to prevent pencil from injuring the picture. Before cutting out, color by hand.

Patent applied for.

NURSERY SCREEN

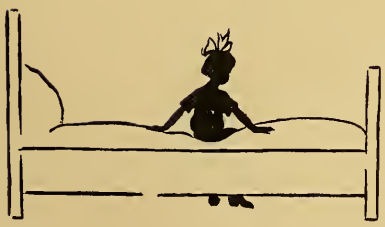
Directions:

Cut stiff paper 3 inches x 3 inches.

Fold in three equal parts, turning one fold backward. Decorate top with Mother Goose figures.

The children worked very quickly, but it was bedtime when they had finished making the various pieces of furniture.

"It was so late, Mother dear," said Mary Frances, kissing her mother good-night, "that Billy and I had only time to slip the lovely little furniture into the living room; the dolls were all asleep on the rugs upstairs."



CHAPTER XIV

Cinda Scares Mother Doll

"OH, Miss Doll! Miss Doll!" screamed Cinda next morning. "Oh, Miss Doll, do come quick! Please do. I'm too scairt to speak. Too scairt to move. Too scairt to say one word. Oh, quick, come!"

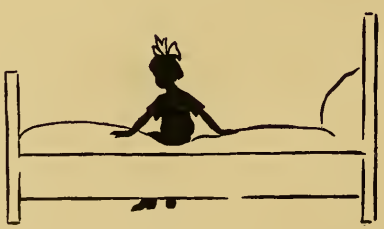
"Great grandfathers! You are saying enough!" exclaimed Mother Doll hurrying down the stairs. "What's the matter, Cinda?"

All the other dolls except Tony were in the hall and on the upper steps.

"This heah house done been busted into—dun been busted into in the night. I'm that scairt I can't tell you."

"Why, Cinda," said Mother Doll, "do explain. Amy, can't you hear the baby screaming? I'll in-ves-ti-gate this matter. Oh, how I wish poor Papa Doll were here. He was so brave."

"I'll come help—if you'll wait 'til I get my pants on," said Tony Doll, popping his head out the bedroom door. "Oh, no—I'll slip on my bathrobe."



"We'll wait—brave boy!" exclaimed Mother Doll.

"Just like his Pop," added Willie Doll.

"William Doll," said his mother, "do not speak so ir-rev-er-ent-ly of the dead—or the lost." And with that she took out her handkerchief.

"Do you know, Mother," said Tony, coming down the steps, "I've always had a feeling that father'd turn up one of these days."

"Oh, Tony," said Mother Doll, wiping her eyes. "Oh, Tony, how could such happiness come to any ordinary human paper doll? What? Have our whole united family in such a mag-nif-i-cent and lux-u-ri-ous mansion as this?" Mother Doll shook her head. "It would be too good to be true."

"Always hope for the worst, Mother," said Tony.

"Oh, Tony, you're right. That puts me to shame. I'll be brave once more for the sake of my children—for the sake of my dear children. So, Cinda, tell me about your scare."

Cinda, who was sitting on the bottom stair-step, began: "Well, Miss Doll, I dun had a heavy dream last night, and when I comed into de libin room for to open the windows, I seed something was wrong;

and I feeled splinters break all out all ober me, and I—and I—just done busted out a-screamin'."

"Forevermore!" exclaimed Mother Doll, "is that all? Come, Tony, I guess it's all imagination"—opening the living room door.

For a moment she stood speechless, and then suddenly ran forward into the room, calling, "Children, children, come see what a beautiful present has been sent to us in the night. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

All the children came scampering down the stairs shouting cries of delight.

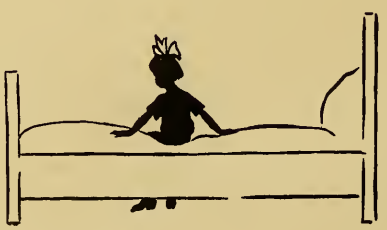
"Oh, a bed! A bed, at last, to sleep in!" cried Hazel.

"Oh, we, the swells, will have bureaus and chiffoniers to dress ourselves before, in our glad rags," exclaimed Willie Doll.

"Oh, bureaus! bureaus!" cried Amy and May Belle, hugging each other in delight and waltzing around the room.

"And a nursery screen. Oh, the loving kindness of our little Miss!" exclaimed Mother Doll.

"Now, as soon as we've had breakfast, we'll move things into place. Do you boys think you can carry them up?"



"If the girls will help," said Willie Doll. "Oh, I mean just balance them so as they won't scratch the walls. We boys'll do all the lifting. I'd like to take one piece up before breakfast for a 'starter.' What do you say, Tone?"

"O. K., sir!" said Tony. "I'll carry up the screen and—rr—exchange my bathrobe for a more convenient mode of attire."

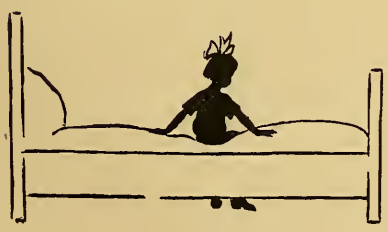
"Don't like skirts, eh?" laughed Amy, who had just put on long dresses.

The dolls were taking the last piece upstairs as Mary Frances peeped into the playroom again.

"There!" exclaimed Amy. "There you go again! A little more, and there'd been no banister on these stairs!"

"Oh—hush—up—will—you?" panted Tony; "do—it—better—yourself—if—you don't—like—hugh! the—way—we—do—"

"There we are, boys," interrupted May Belle clapping her hands. "The last step and the last piece. You are the crack-a-jack furniture movers. Better than hired ones, I say. Come right on into the bedroom. We have almost everything arranged. Mother



has it all scheduled so that every one of us sleeps in a bed. Isn't it grand?"

"It almost overcomes me," said Mother Doll. "Now, I will explain about where you're to sleep. Hazel and I will sleep in one bed and the two other girls in the other, in the white room; and the boys in the next room——"

"And the baby?" exclaimed Hazel.

"Oh, the baby—the baby, why—the baby—that's so. The baby has no crib. Why, the baby'll sleep with me, of course," smiled Mother Doll.

"The baby will have a crib soon, or I'm much mistaken," thought Mary Frances.

'Oh, of course!" exclaimed all the paper dolls at once, "the baby always sleeps with Mother."

'My," said Willie Doll, looking at the bed longingly, "I certainly am tired! I'm so sleepy I could sleep across the handles of a wheelbarrow. I'd like to bunk right down there now and rest."

"Which you'll not do, William Doll," exclaimed his mother, "not until these girls have learned—and you boys had better look on—

THE CARE AND MAKING OF BEDS

1. Air beds daily. It is best to remove all covers.

2. Turn mattress over often. Turn from end to end to prevent sinking in the center. Often brush off the dust.

3. Lay lower sheet in place, right side up. Tuck wide hem in at the head. Stretch smooth, and tuck tightly in at foot and sides.

4. Lay bolster in place, if one is used. Lay upper sheet right side facing down. Place wide hem at top, leaving enough to turn over. Tuck in at foot.

5. Place blankets not quite to top of sheet, tucking them carefully in at foot.

6. Spread counterpane smooth over all; and after shaking pillows, put them in place.

A pad cover is often laid over the mattress, before placing the sheets.

CHAPTER XV

Baby Doll's Crib

"A CRIB would make Mother Doll sleep very much more comfortably, Mother dear," said Mary Frances. "You see, she——"

"Never closed her eyes last night?" asked Mary Frances' mother.

"I don't believe she did, Mother dear," said Mary Frances, quite in earnest.

"You see she had to have the baby sleep with her and Hazel in one bed, and the baby was so restless that it kept Mother Doll awake almost all night. Of course Hazel slept. She's such a sleepy-head, anyway! I do wish I could find a place for the baby to sleep, but I'm sure Mother Doll wouldn't listen to having her any distance from her."

"She's a good mother," smiled Mary Frances' mother, "and I think all this means that you'll have to call Billy and learn how to make a—

BABY'S CRIB

See Insert I

Cut out, cutting down lines between legs and parts marked "bottom." Cut notches marked A and B.

Score with a pin along dotted lines. Fold down on all scored lines, after cutting top rails free from corner posts. Lock notches B together; fold in bottom and lock notches A.

"And where, please," asked Billy, finishing the little crib and holding it up for the admiration of Mary Frances, "where do the Doll family keep their clean clothes?"

"Oh, Billy, they have to keep their clothes on the floor under the beds, and under the rugs and——"

"And I saw some dresses on top of the house this morning," finished Billy.

"Really, Billy?" blushed Mary Frances, "I was to blame for that."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Billy, "who else could have been to blame? But they must have a place to keep their 'duds,' Sister."

"Oh, Billy," cried Mary Frances, "aren't you smart! You have planned a closet!"

"Good guesser, little girl," laughed Billy. "Quite

right—a closet. It will be in the hall—just at the head of the stairs. I'll cut the door through from the middle bedroom now, if you say so."

"Indeed I do say so, Billy."

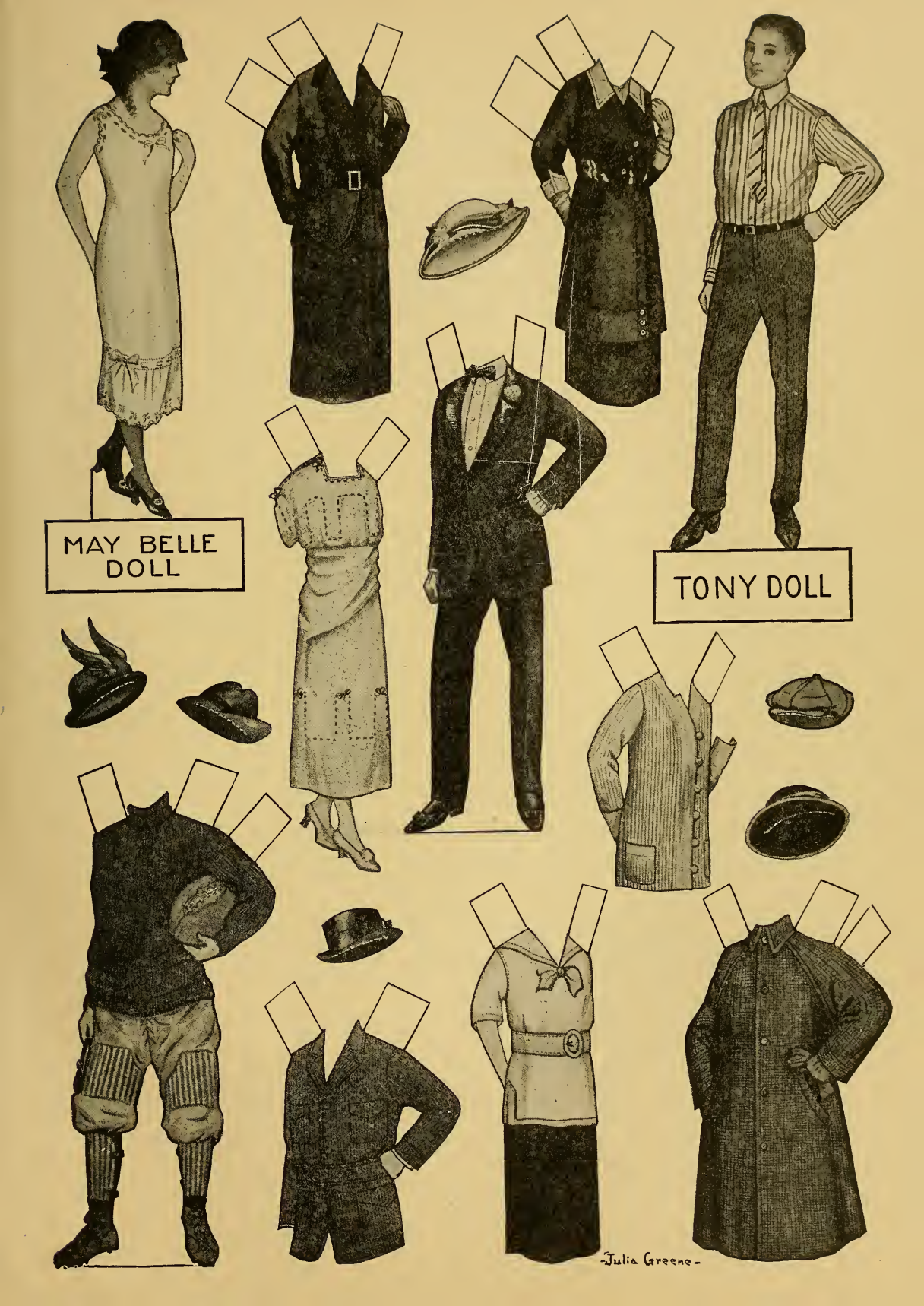
Mary Frances brought the house, and as Billy finished cutting the door, "Isn't it lovely!" she exclaimed. "I just suspect Mother Doll would be wondering next where to hang the children's clothes if you hadn't made this nice closet."

"Indeed she would," replied Billy; "she seems always to be wanting something new, so, tell us, Mother, what are the new patterns, please?"

"These," said mother, "are patterns which Mother Doll will surely appreciate—a rocking chair, to rest in when tired and when rocking the baby to sleep; a shirtwaist box in which to keep some of the many clothes needed for so large a family——"

"Oh, yes, Mother," exclaimed Mary Frances, quite earnestly, "she will be delighted. She is such a neat housekeeper. You ought to see, both of you, how particular she is about dusting and——"

"Oh, ha, ha!" Billy burst out laughing. "They are wonderful! Wonderful! those dolls!" Mary


MAY BELLE DOLL
TONY DOLL
-Julia Greene-

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK DOLL PAGES

Do not cut this sheet. Use it as a model for making new dolls, by tracing and coloring in the same way as new furniture. (See duplicate pages of furniture for directions.)

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLORED DOLL PAGES

BEFORE CUTTING OUT THESE DOLLS SEE PLATE I

PLATE III

Directions: Cut out along black and colored outlines.

Score all dotted lines with a pin, then cut along scored lines.

Fold name base back along black lines. Make easels like the one attached to Lucinda, and fasten to name base and shoulders of these dolls.

Frances suddenly changed the subject and begged for the patterns of—

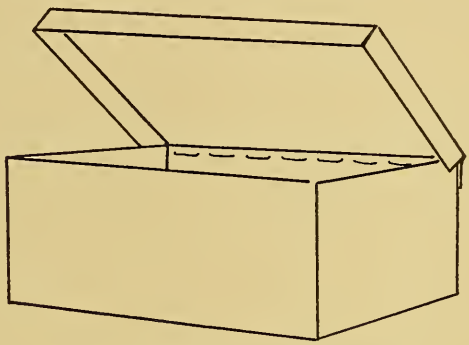
The Bedroom Rocker

See Insert IX

Cut out. Cut notches. Score with a pin along dotted lines.

Fold upward on all scored lines surrounding seat. Fold down on all scored lines.

Lock straps together, pointing ends inside.



Doll's Shirtwaist Box

Directions: Fasten one edge of the lid of small paste-board box to the box by a few stitches, after cutting the two opposite corners down. Paint box brown.

"Oh, goody!" laughed Mary Frances. "Mother Doll will certainly be delighted. Why, Mother, it's a wonder she isn't all worn out with such a big family, and no real convenience until now."

"It is a wonder," said Billy. "I think she does look quite worn on the edges; I can see her nose is curling up—whether from pride or wear, I can't say."

"Billy!" laughed Mary Frances. "Mother, isn't Billy dreadful!"

"Catch me if you can," interrupted Billy, and away ran the children out into the garden, away across the field, over into the woods and back.

"I'd have caught him in a moment more, Mother!" panted Mary Frances, as they came back to the porch.

"If I'd stood still," said Billy, dodging behind a tree.

"Now run as hard as ever you can, Mister Billy," laughed Mary Frances, "and—and I'll—catch you!"

And this time she did.

In the evening, Mary Frances went to the playroom, and set the house in place, with the crib and a rocking chair and the shirtwaist box in Mother Doll's room, and a plain chair in the other bedroom. She placed the dolls, who had all fallen asleep, in their beds.

CHAPTER XVI

Baby Doll Sleeps in the Crib

"AMY, Amy, are you asleep?" whispered Mother Doll.

"No, Mother," whispered Amy in turn. "I can't sleep because of the fretting of that baby. Here, I'll come take her over into my bed and see if she won't be quieter."

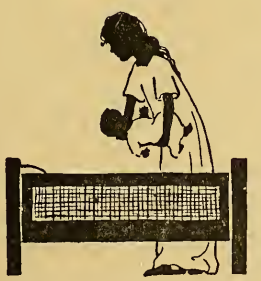
"It's quite dark yet, dearie," said Mother Doll; "don't stumble."

"Never mind! Never mind!" said Amy holding the baby close in her arms. "Did the 'ittie bittie thing cry? Never mind, it shall sleep wiz its sister—'es, it shall. Ummm! Ummm!" as she walked to and fro.

"My, the baby never was so bad," said Mother Doll. "I wonder if it isn't cutting a tooth."

"Perhaps that's it, Mother," said Hazel, who was now awake. "As soon as it's light enough we'll look."

"I guess you didn't get much sleep last night, Mother," said May Belle.



"Well," said Mother Doll, "I've been through worse experiences with all of you, and I seem to be able to stand a great deal yet. If only I could rest a little better——"

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Amy suddenly, "Look what's here!"

"Great grandfathers! How you frightened me, child!" exclaimed Mother Doll. "What is it?"

"A crib, a crib!" cried the girls. "Oh, somebody draw the curtain! Isn't it the sweetest, dearest, little crib! Here, baby, come," and May Belle took the baby from Amy and laid it down.

Mary Frances danced up and down for joy as she stood in her slippers just outside the door.

In a minute Baby Doll was quiet.

"She'll be asleep in no time," whispered Mother Doll. "Oh, it's too good!"

"No, it isn't too good, Mother," said Amy, spying the shirtwaist box and the rocking chair, "for here's more yet——"

"Forevermore!" cried Mother Doll. "Forevermore! My, I don't feel tired now! A rocking chair and a place to keep the clothes, and—oh, my! Oh,

dear! Oh, Oh!" Then suddenly, "Why, say, girls, I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll engage the dress-maker to come soon. With a ——"

"Shirtwaist box for in-spir-a-tion," cried Hazel, pulling it from under the window; "we certainly ought to——"

Bang! Bang! on the door.

"Say, girls—say, Mother, it's breakfast time," cried Willie. "And great smoke! girls, we've found a dandy new chair and closet in our room! Oh, gee whiz! but we're the swell guys."

"William Doll," said Mother Doll, "I'll not have my family spoken of in such a dis-re-spect-ful way. Stop it!"

"And, William Doll," said Amy, "you aren't the only onlies! We found——"

"Call it off, girls," exclaimed Willie Doll, "'til you've got breakfast ready, for I'm just like a big balloon with a yawning cave for a mouth."

"That's a terrible picture to face," laughed Mother Doll, "but the boy is right. Let's have our breakfast!"

"I suppose it's because he's so anxious to get off to school," teased Amy.

"Not me!—I mean, not I!"

"No," said Tony, "that boy'll be treading on his whiskers before he graduates."

All the Dolls laughed.

. . . . . .

"The best way," said Mother Doll, hanging some clothes in the closet, "is to place the dresses on coat hangers and hook them over a curtain rod fastened on each side of the wardrobe or closet."

"Here are the clean clothes, Miss Doll," interrupted Cinda, coming upstairs.

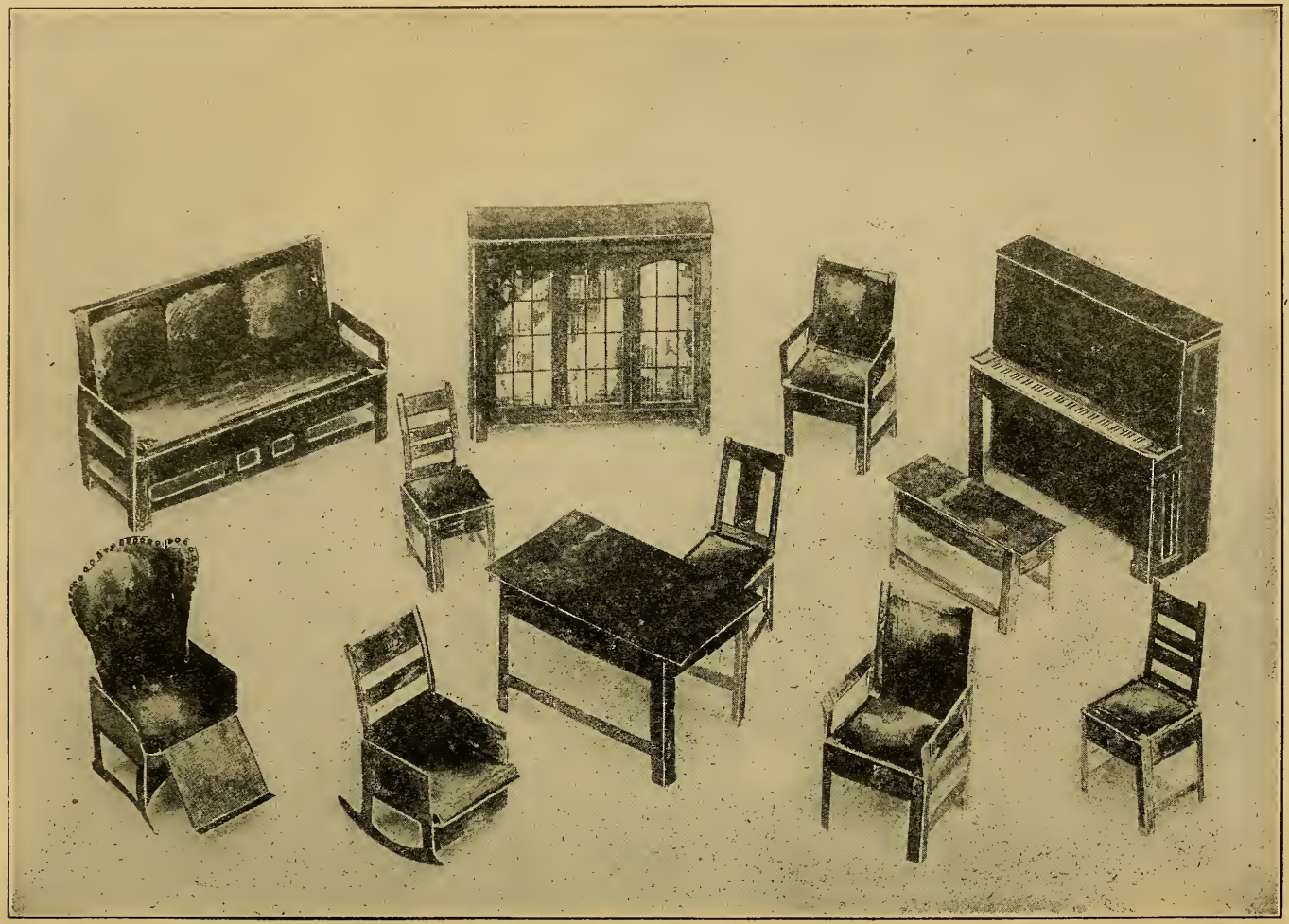
"Good, Cinda," said Mother Doll. "Now, you wait and see how to put clean clothes away. Lay the flat heavy pieces in the bottom of the drawer; and keep the dainty starched pieces on the top, so they will not be crushed down."

"Oh, Mother," exclaimed Hazel, "can't we keep Baby's little dresses in the shirtwaist box?"

"If you girls don't object," said Mother Doll.

"Oh, never!" cried the girls. "Not object for the sweetest of sweetnesses to have its little dresses in the nicest place!"

"Aren't they the dears!" thought Mary Frances.



LIBRARY FURNITURE

Bookcase. Davenport. Library Table. Library Rocker. Wing Chair. Library Chairs. Piano. Piano Bench.

"Say, Cinders, give this dog something to eat, won't you? Oh, he won't hurt you!"

Mary Frances looked downstairs in the doll's house where the voice seemed to come from.

"He won't hurt you, Cinders!"

Tony Doll was leading Mary Frances' paper-animal shepherd dog into the kitchen.

"'Deed, Mr. Tony, I'm most powerful scairt. Oh, please take him away! He look something fierce—something fierce!" shuddered Cinda.

"Oh, look at his teef! I'se 'fraid he might bite me!"

"I hope he won't hurt his teeth, if he does," laughed Tony.

"Oh, mercy! Mr. Tony," cried Cinda.

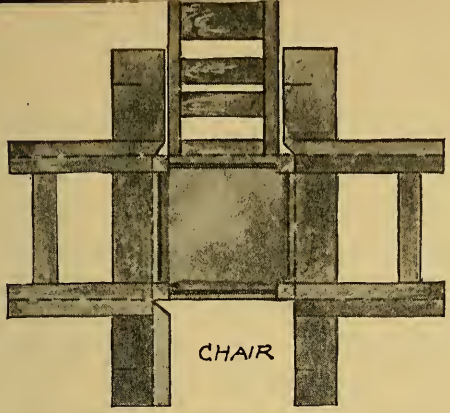
"Oh, nonsense, Cinders; Shep wouldn't hurt you. Would you, old boy?"

Tony patted the dog's back. "See, he's wagging his tail!"

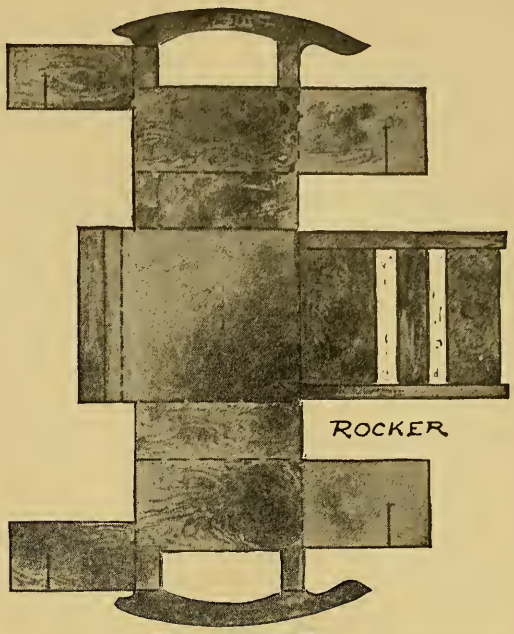
"I know, Mr. Tony," said Cinda, edging her way toward the dining room door, "I know—but it ain't his tail I'm afraid of!"

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Mary Frances,

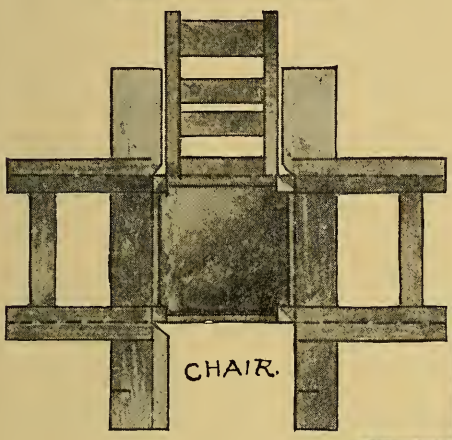
laughing out loud. Every doll started up at the sound and then fell flat on the floor. Mary Frances stole very softly out of the playroom.



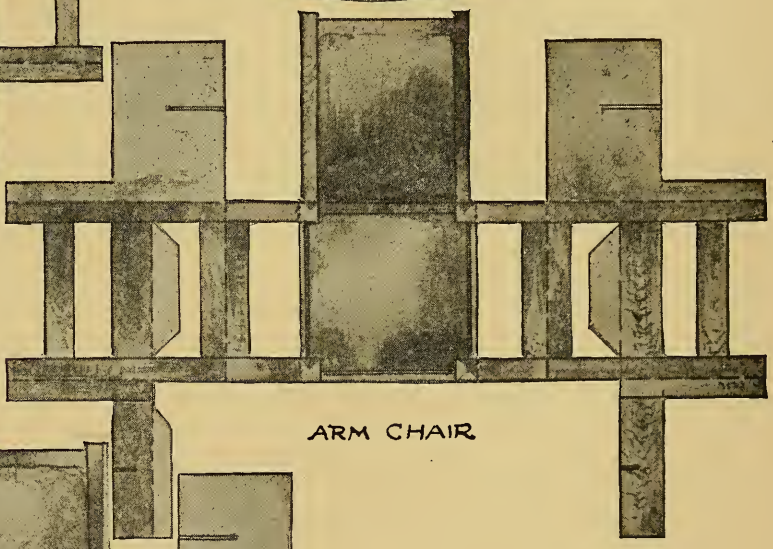
CHAIR



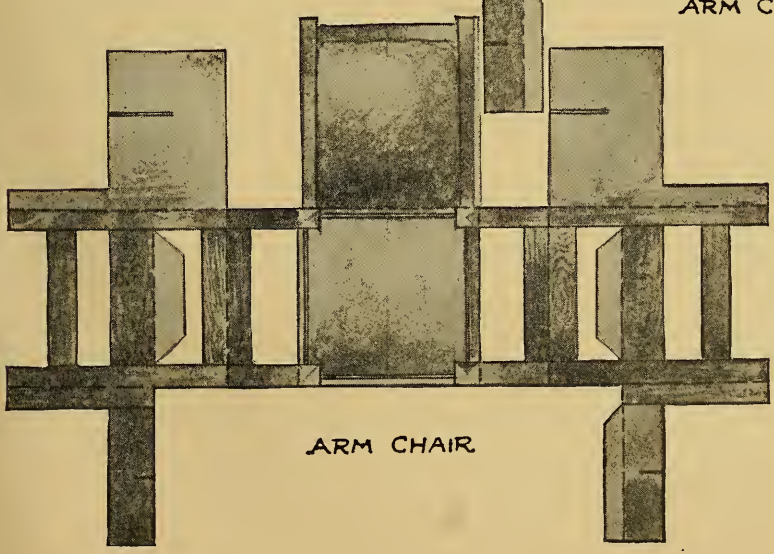
ROCKER



CHAIR.



ARM CHAIR



ARM CHAIR

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK FURNITURE PAGES

Do not detach or cut this pattern sheet. It should remain permanently in the book to be used as a pattern for making new furniture.

Directions: Take a piece of heavy white or colored paper, and place over it a piece of carbon paper. Lay both underneath this picture. Over the picture place a thin transparent paper, and trace outlines with pencil. The thin paper is to prevent pencil from injuring the picture. Before cutting out, color by hand.

Patent applied for.

CHAPTER XVII

The Living Room Furniture

"WHAT do you think?" asked Mary Frances the next evening of Billy. "What do you suppose about the dolls, I mean?"

"Give it up," said Billy, "but guess Mrs. Doll is about to give an 'At Home.' "

"Billy, you're the greatest! Not yet. Mother Doll wants to give a Tea, but how can she, when they haven't a bit of furniture in the living room."

"Just so! Just so!" laughed mother. "I was thinking of it myself; so this evening you may divide the patterns and each take your choice as to which of these pieces of furniture you will make."

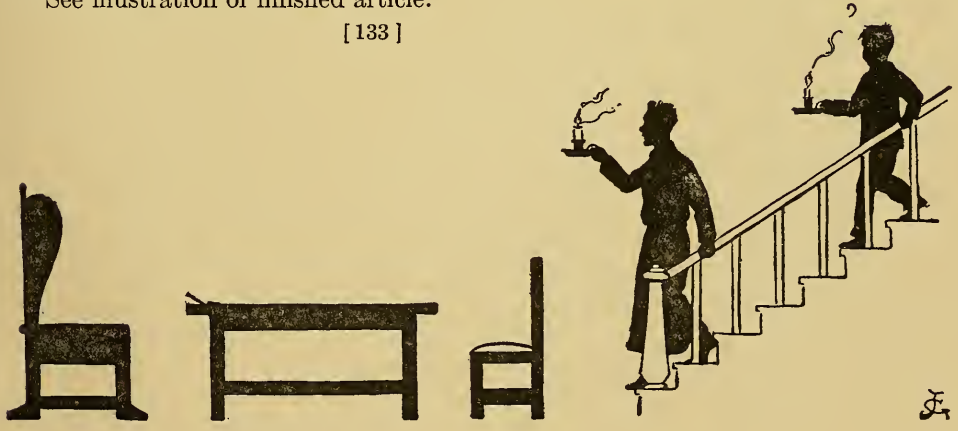
And she brought out the patterns.

The Library Table

See Insert III

Cut out. Cut notches. Score with a pin on dotted lines. Cut back table top corners to dotted line of leg. Lock straps together by means of notches.

See illustration of finished article.



THE LIBRARY CHAIRS

See Insert XI and XIII

Cut out. Cut notches. Score with a pin along dotted lines.

Fold upward on all scored lines surrounding seat of arm chair.

Fold down on all other scored lines.

Lock strap notches together.

See illustration of finished article.

THE BOOKCASE

See Insert XII

Cut out. Cut slits in back for the straps.

Score with a pin along dotted lines. Fold on scored lines, seeing that top is cut free from sides.

Slip straps into slits, matching letter to letter.

See illustration of finished article.

THE LIBRARY ROCKER

See Insert XI

Cut out. Cut notches. Score with a pin along dotted lines.

Fold upward on all scored lines surrounding seat. Fold down on all other scored lines. Lock straps together.

See illustration of finished article.

BOOKCASE.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK FURNITURE PAGES

Do not detach or cut this pattern sheet. It should remain permanently in the book to be used as a pattern for making new furniture.

Directions: Take a piece of heavy white or colored paper, and place over it a piece of carbon paper. Lay both underneath this picture. Over the picture place a thin transparent paper, and trace outlines with pencil. The thin paper is to prevent pencil from injuring the picture. Before cutting out, color by hand.

Patent applied for.

THE WING CHAIR

See Insert XIII

Cut out. Cut notches. Score on dotted lines.

Fold upward on all scored lines surrounding seat and the wings of back of chair and foot rest. Fold down on all other scored lines.

See illustration of finished article.

THE DAVENPORT

See Insert XIII

Cut out, cutting down lines between seat and arms. Cut slits for straps. Score with a pin on dotted lines.

Fold down along all scored lines except the one on the part marked back and the one between the seat and the cushioned back. Fold these upward.

Slip straps into slits.

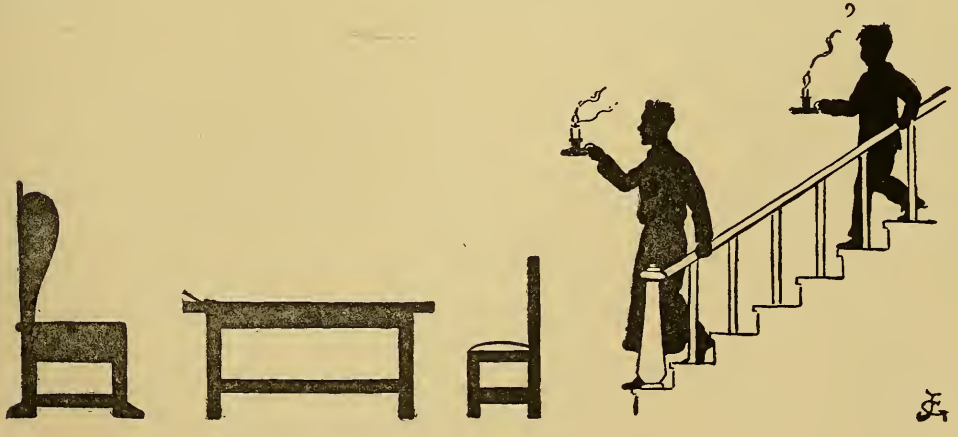
See illustration of finished article.

"Billy's made two more things than I!" exclaimed Mary Frances.

"Well, boys are used to handling knives——"

"Oh, Billy, do you remember—and Mother, do you?—the little dolls' house Billy made out of a wooden packing box for me?"

"Indeed I do," said Mother, "and it was a good house."



"I wish I had some plans and materials now, for a wooden house and furniture," said Billy.

"Oh," cried Mary Frances, "I know—I can tell, Billy, from the way Mother is smiling, that she is getting something of the kind ready for you. Oh, wouldn't Mary Marie and Peg love a new house! Mother, you have something up your sleeve!" shaking her finger. "I just know it."

"Have you, Mother?" asked Billy. "Have you or Father?"

"Why—why," said Mother. "I didn't think a smile could tell so much. Maybe, sometime you——"

"I'd rather finish these things first, anyhow," declared Billy, not realizing he had interrupted.

"Yes, indeed. Isn't this the cutest little set," said Mary Frances. "And oh, the dolls would be too disappointed if they didn't get their house all furnished—a suite of furniture for every room."

"'Suite of furniture,'" said Billy, "sounds very important——"

"A library suite," laughed Mary Frances. "Well, here I go to slip them into place. I hope all the dolls are upstairs asleep so that they won't hear me."

SIDE
CHAIR
A
BACK.
A
A
DAVENPORT.
A
A
WING.
CHAIR

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK FURNITURE PAGES

Do not detach or cut this pattern sheet. It should remain permanently in the book to be used as a pattern for making new furniture.

Directions: Take a piece of heavy white or colored paper, and place over it a piece of carbon paper. Lay both underneath this picture. Over the picture place a thin transparent paper, and trace outlines with pencil. The thin paper is to prevent pencil from injuring the picture. Before cutting out, color by hand.

Patent applied for.

CHAPTER XVIII

Willie and Tony Hunt a Burglar

"I'M sure I heard a noise downstairs, Tone," whispered Willie Doll, sitting up in bed.

"Oh, nonsense! Don't wake me up!" muttered Tony Doll turning over.

"Say, Tony! I say, there's that noise again!"

("Oh, dear," thought Mary Frances, "how careless I am. I hit the side of the house. I'll take care not to do that again." But she did, for it was quite dark.)

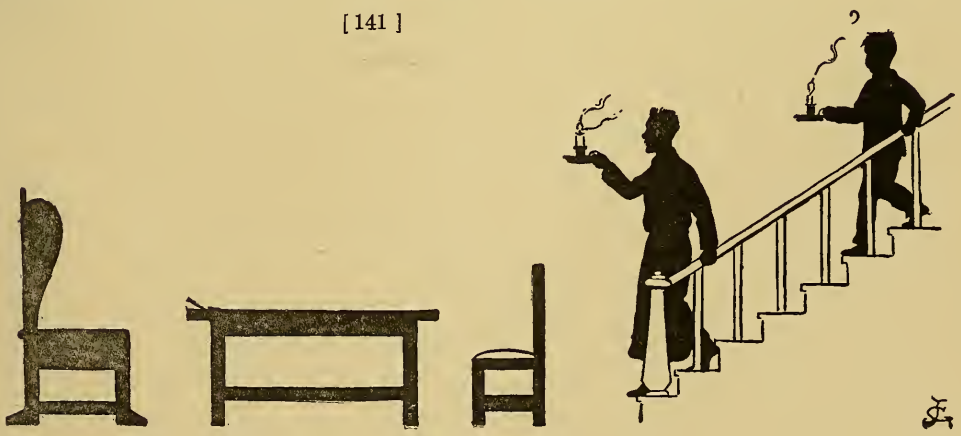
"Humph!" exclaimed Tony Doll, sitting up and listening. "Guess we'd better go down and see."

("Oh," thought Mary Frances, "aren't the little things brave!")

"Where's my bathrobe, Will? Oh, here—no. you don't! I want my own! Ready?"

"Sure! Oh, for a revolver!" said Willie.

"You'd shoot off your fingers," said Tony now wide awake. "Better depend on your fists. Gee! that is a pretty heavy sound!" cautiously peeping out the door.



(Mary Frances tapped on the outside of the house again. "Just to see what the brave little things will do," she thought.)

"Say, Tone," shuddered Willie Doll, "I'm—not—so—scared—but—my—teeth—won't—stand—still. If only Father were here!"

"If you're scared—go—back—to—bed," said Tony Doll crossly, but he jumped as Mary Frances tapped on the house once more.

"Who's there?" he demanded at the living room door. "Who's there?"

To keep up his courage, Willie began to recite:

'Oh, say no more,
Oh, say no more;
I hear the policeman
At the door!
He has his billy
In his hand,
He beats the door
To beat the band;
A peddler's pack
Upon his back—

Oh, say no more
Oh, say no more;
I hear the policeman
At the door!"

(Mary Frances laughed, and then she whistled like the wind—"Whoo! Whoo!")

"Oh, oh!" laughed Tony. "Oh, oh! say, Will, good joke!—it's only the wind banging the windows—that's the burglar. We're great heroes!"

("I won't scare them any worse," thought Mary Frances. "My, I'd love Mother and Billy to hear the cute little things; but I'm afraid they wouldn't talk if they were here. I'll try it to-morrow night! I'll get Mother to come listen.")

"Come on down those last steps, Will; and we'll go into the living room," continued Tony Doll.

"Gee-rusalem!" exclaimed Willie Doll, "the place is full of furniture—full! Oh, let's tell the family!"

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" said Tony. "Let's see what time it is! Lucky I put my watch in this bathrobe pocket. Only nine o'clock! Don't

waken Mother, but let's get up early. It's too dark now to see, anyhow."

"Phew! I hope I'll be able to sleep. I'm so excited!" said Willie Doll, as he and Tony stole quietly up the stairs.

"And I'll be up early, too," thought Mary Frances, "and hear what the rest say."

. . . . . .

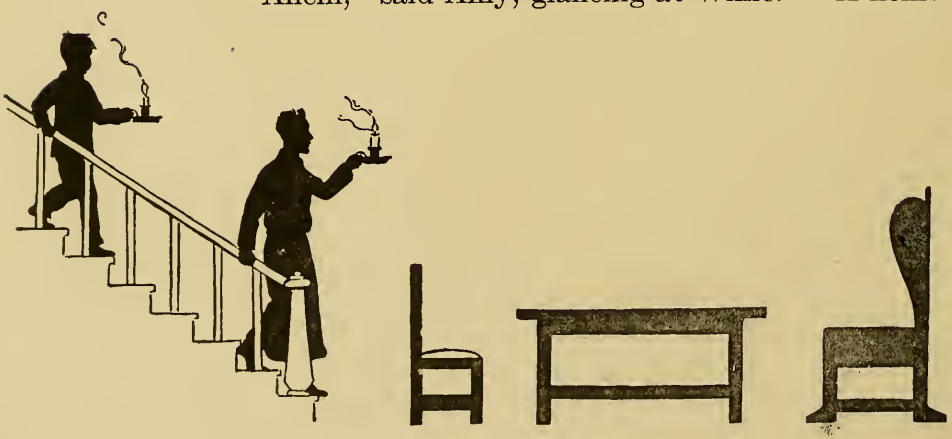
Early next morning, just as the first bright light stole into her room, Mary Frances hurried to the playroom. "I do hope I'll be on time," she thought, but the dolls were already in the living room, and Mother Doll was talking.

"Such exquisite furnishings! I do declare, children," she was saying, "you must learn about—

THE CARE OF FURNITURE

1. Keep well dusted. Use a "dustless" duster.
2. Remove to another room, or porch, while sweeping.
3. Boys should remember that while most furniture is put together very skilfully, it is not made of iron."

"Ahem," said Amy, glancing at Willie. "A-hem!"



"And this elegant bookcase," went on Mother Doll, "leads me to speak of—

THE CARE OF BOOKS

1. Remember, a good book is a valuable possession—to be cared for and treated as a friend, which it really is.

2. Never bend a book more than halfway over on its own binding, or you will break its back.

3. If someone gives you a book, write your name on the fly-leaf with the date and the name of the giver.

4. Always return a borrowed book in the shortest time possible, with thanks to the lender.

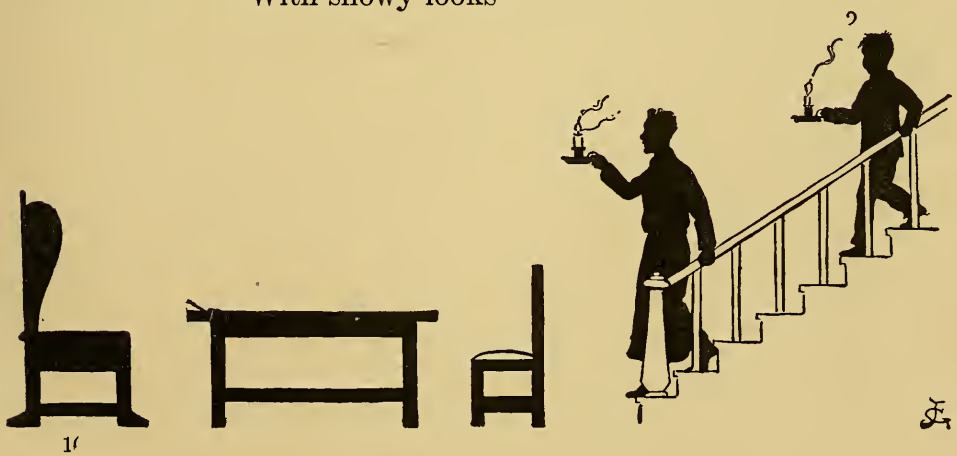
"That's all the lecture just now," smiled Mother Doll.

"Excuse me, Mother, I have a poem upon the subject of books," said Willie. "May I recite it?"

"Certainly, son," said his mother. "I do hope it is a good poem."

"You are the judge, madam," said Willie, bowing, "I will now recite:

"Some folks have books
With showy looks



To gratify their pride, sir!
But I have books,
And books, and books,
For why—to read inside, sir!

"Others have books,
Not for their looks,
But for their extra size, sir!
But I have books,
And books, and books,
For why—to make me wise, sir!"

As Willie finished with a low bow, all the family applauded.

"There's a splendid lesson in that, children," said Mother Doll, "and I hope you will all learn the poem."

"Our poet looks proud enough to burst," whispered Amy to Tony.

"Come, boys," said Mother Doll; "after breakfast, I want you to do an errand for me. Please go tell Cousin Winnie that the girls and I hope she can arrange to come spend a week with us as a guest—and, after

that, maybe she can do some dressmaking for us for a few days."

"Oh, Mother! Goody! Goody!" exclaimed all the girls. "Our clothes are so shabby!" hugging and kissing their mother and each other.

"Humph, I don't see where we come in on this deal," complained Willie Doll.

"Oh, Cousin Win'll make you boys some of those lovely wash-silk shirts; and we'll crochet you some neckties—maybe," cried Hazel.

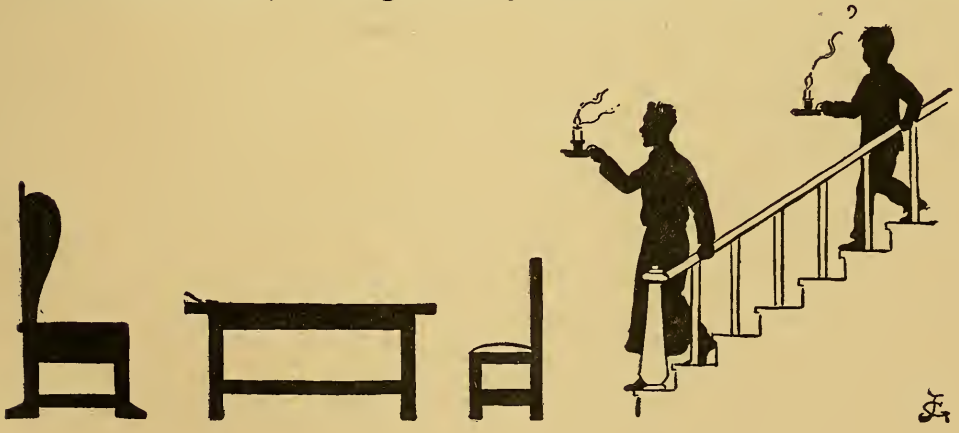
"Yes—'may be'—thank you," said Willie Doll.

"Well, so long, girls. 'Bye, Mother," said Tony, and started out the door.

"Wait a minute, boys," cried Mother Doll; "don't make much fuss over our pros-per-i-ty. Of course, Cousin Winnie has heard something about it, but don't get bubbling over—though I can scarcely help it myself—and here," going into the kitchen, "take Cousin Winnie these oranges."

She handed a little basket of wooden oranges to the boys.

"Isn't she kind," thought Mary Frances. "I



wonder if 'Cousin Winnie' is the old lady paper doll I used to have so long ago. I'll watch."

"Now, girls," said Mother Doll, coming back, "I suppose you want to know what kind of dresses you are to have."

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Mother."

"I want pink!" exclaimed Hazel.

"I want one pink, two blue, one——" said May Belle.

"I want one blue,
I want one red;
And I want one white,
To wear to bed."

interrupted Willie.

"Forevermore! William!" chided Mother Doll. "I thought you had gone—hurry along with you!"

"Well," she went on, "we will make school dresses for all but Amy. She must have a new afternoon dress. There must be a new suit for each of 'us girls,' and we each must have a new party dress."

"Oh, Goody! Goody!" cried the girls.

"For," said Mother Doll, "I want to give you a Tea."

"Oh, how glad I am! Oh, joy!" cried the girls.

("Ahem! a 'Tea'! Good old Billy!" thought Mary Frances. "Good guess, indeed!")

"But who'll you invite, Mother?" asked May Belle suddenly.

"I'll invite—oh, the guests will be provided," said Mother Doll hopefully.

("Which they will," said Mary Frances to herself. "I'll borrow Eleanor's set of dolls.")

"And Cinda must have at least two new dresses," Mother Doll continued, "one for school and a whole new outfit for a waitress."

"Yas'am, Miss Doll; excuse me, but I thought I done heard my name," said Cinda, coming in the door.

"Why, yes, Cinda," said Mother Doll; "I was telling the young ladies I expect to have the dressmaker next week, and although you may have more work than usual, you may be glad; for I hope to get some new clothes made for you."

"Oh, Miss Doll, I'm most 'debted to yo' all. I reckon you'll hab me a dress like my cousin had. She

was just about my color, I reckon, and when I seed her in church on Sunday she had a shiny crush' strawberry, and she look too sweet for anything on earth."

"Why, Cinda——"

"Yas'am, she did, yas'am,—she was in mourning after her mother-in-law died, and just as she was coming out, her sister-in-law dies, and then she darkened it again, and just as she was comin' out, her uncle dies—and she ain't done wore no colored waists fo' two years—not 'till that Sunday. Please, Miss Doll, I certainly does love crush' strawberry."

"Cinda, I'll think about it," said Mother Doll, laughing; "but you may go now."

"Yas'am, yas'am," said Cinda. "I reckon I knows my place in white people's house," she muttered going into the kitchen.

"She's a real old-fashioned child of the South," laughed Mother Doll.

"She has improved wonderfully, Mother," said Amy.

"Yes," said Mother Doll, "and she's a great help. It's strange how a person cannot do a kindness for another and not be benefited herself."

("Good Mother Dolly!" thought a little girl as she tiptoed out of the playroom to answer her own mother's call.)

CHAPTER XIX

The Dolls' Dresses

"WHY are you so quiet this afternoon, Mary Frances, dear?" asked her mother.

"Why, Mother," said the little girl, "you should have heard Mother Doll telling the children, she was going to have a dressmaker. The cute little thing! I know she can't make the dresses she has planned, so I'm going to help her out. See what I've made already."

Mary Frances held up a dress of "crushed strawberry" for Cinda.

"Very pretty, dear," said Mother; "but isn't that a rather brilliant color for a colored child?"

"It's what she said she wanted, Mother."

Her mother laughed. "You dear little imaginer!" She said, kissing her.

"Indeed, Mother, the dolls do talk," said Mary Frances, earnestly, "and I do wish you and Billy could hear them when they 'spy' the furniture. I've been afraid to tell about it for fear they might stop;

but won't you come listen after we put the next pieces in the house? Just you, Mother dear. I'm—I'm afraid Billy might make fun."

"Well, dear, I'll come whenever you wish," said Mother, smiling; "and now I can help you make some clothes for your dollies."

(Some of the patterns Mary Frances' mother used for the paper dolls' clothes are given on the page with the dolls.)

Mary Frances put the clothes, when finished, into a box. She painted it to look like a trunk, and left it in the living room of the dolls' house.

. . . . . .

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mother Doll going into the living room later on. "I didn't know Cousin Winnie had sent her trunk."

"I didn't send a trunk, Cousin," exclaimed a new voice.

("That's my old lady paper doll! It is! It is!" thought Mary Frances.)

"What can it be, then?" asked Mother Doll, looking helplessly at the trunk.

"Well, Mother," said Tony, "if you can spare me,

I'll go down town and get an X-ray outfit—maybe we will be able to see through the wood."

"Oh, you saucy boy," laughed Mother Doll. "Open it."

Every doll crowded around as Tony tried to open the lid.

"Needs his brother's manly assistance," said Willie coming forward and taking hold of the other side.

"One! two! three! There we are!" Open came the lid.

Then, the oh!—oh!—oh's! of the Doll family were really so loud that Mary Frances laughed heartily without any danger of being heard by them.

Each one of the girls tried on a new dress over the one she was wearing, and Mother Doll didn't seem to object. The boys held their dress suits under their arms.

"But how'd we know they are ours?" suddenly asked Amy looking fearfully at her mother.

"Sure enough, child——"

"Oh, here's a note! Here's a note!" cried Hazel, reaching down into the trunk and falling in headlong. Tony and Willie pulled her out laughing.

"Here's the note," said Willie, handing a paper to Mother Doll.

"Oh, where are my glasses?" She began to search.

"There they are on top of your head!" said one of the children.

"Forevermore!" exclaimed Mother Doll, putting them on. "The note's in our little Miss' writing."

She read:

To the dear
Paper Doll Family.

"Then they must be ours! They must be ours! Look!" exclaimed Mother Doll. "Here is an extra dress, which must be meant for Cousin Winnie."

"Let me see if it fits," holding it up against her. "It does! It does!"

Everybody began to dance for joy.

"If we had a piano, we could put on our beautiful party dresses, couldn't we, Mother?" said May Belle, "and dance in earnest."

"May Belle, don't, dear child," said her Mother. "Don't dare presume to hint for——"

"I didn't think, Mother," said May Belle. "Maybe that did sound pre——"

"Presumptuous," said Willie Doll. "Well, it's not presumptuous to say, I like pianos—is it?"

"No, William," said his mother; "that seems to me to be in a perfectly grateful spirit."

"He'll walk on air, Mother," said Amy, "after such approval from you."

("They'll get a piano," said Mary Frances. "I know—I feel certain they will—for I'll ask Mother.")

"Well, dearies, I'm quite tired out," said Cousin Winnie; "and if you'll excuse me, I'll go upstairs to rest."

"Certainly, dear Cousin Winnie," said Mother Doll. "What a relief this gift is for you, and for us all, for now we will not have to work at dressmaking for days on end."

"I'll be thinking about going home sometime soon," said Cousin Winnie. "'Home'—although I have no real home—I've lived under the radiator for years."

"Home?" echoed Mother Doll. "Why dear Cousin

FATHER DOLL
MOTHER DOLL
-Julia Greene-

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK DOLL PAGES

Do not cut this sheet. Use it as a model for making new dolls, by tracing and coloring in the same way as new furniture. (See duplicate pages of furniture for directions.)

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLORED DOLL PAGES

BEFORE CUTTING OUT THESE DOLLS SEE PLATE I

PLATE IV

Directions: Cut out along black and colored lines. Score all dotted lines with a pin, then cut along scored lines.

Fold name base back along black lines. Make easels like the one attached to Lucinda, and fasten to name base and shoulders of these dolls.

Winnie, if you don't mind sleeping on the living room davenport, you're welcome to stay with us—that is, if the children all feel as I do."

"We do! We do!" cried all the children.

With tears in her eyes, Cousin Winnie thanked the dolls and went upstairs to rest.

. . . . . .

"Well," exclaimed Amy, "if Cousin Win isn't the nicest person to visit a family, I'll give up."

"Yes," said Mother Doll, "she never forgets the—

DUTIES OF A GUEST

1. Accept or decline an invitation promptly, stating how long a visit will be made; and the hour of arriving and leaving.
2. Be ready for each meal at the time appointed; to be late is very impolite.
3. Appear not to notice accidents.
4. When asked what part of the meat is preferred, name it at once. Don't say "it doesn't make any difference."
5. When leaving, do not fail to express thanks for the hospitality enjoyed.

"And you, Mother, are a lovely hostess," said Amy.

"Oh. thank you. my dear," said Mother Doll;

"I didn't realize that I was, but I wish you all to be, and you may as well learn now, what are the—

DUTIES OF HOSTESS

1. Provide for the pleasant reception, and comfort of a guest
2. Decide where each shall sit at table.
3. See that the table is properly set.
4. Place the most honored lady at the right of the host.
5. Place the most honored gentleman at the right of the hostess.

6. Instruct waitress in particulars.
7. Continue at least a show of eating until all the guests have finished.
8. At breakfast: serve coffee or tea.
   Dinner: serve soup and dessert.
   Luncheon: serve tea or cocoa, side dish, and dessert.
   Supper: serve tea and sweets.
9. Give signal of dismissal from table by rising.

"If your dear father were here he would explain them so well to you; but since he's gone, I will have to try my best to tell you about the—

DUTIES OF THE HOST

1. Provide for the pleasure and entertainment of guests.
2. Assign places at table to guests.

3. Carve meat. Never overload a plate.
4. Do not insist on a second helping.
5. At breakfast and supper: serve meat and potatoes.
   At dinner: serve fish and roast.
6. Keep up pleasant conversation, thus assisting the hostess.

CHAPTER XX

Making a Piano

"WHY, Mother! and Billy! They'll go wild, nearly, over this piano. Oh, you dearest Mother dear!" exclaimed Mary Frances.

"Yes, I suspect they will all learn to play upon it over night. Wonderfully bright dolls, those Mary Frances Paper Dolls! Tum-de-um-dee-Tum-de-dee!" said Billy, pretending to play on the table.

"Don't tease," said their Mother, "but help make this wonderful piano."

"I shall be delighted to help," said Billy, "and I do hope the—ahem—instrument has a fine quality of tone."

Mary Frances laughed. "I know one thing, anyway," she said. "The Doll children will not become nervous practising scales and exercises."

"No," said Billy," especially, not my namesake."

"Come, children," said Mother, "ready to make the—

PIANO.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACK FURNITURE PAGES

Do not detach or cut this pattern sheet. It should remain permanently in the book to be used as a pattern for making new furniture.

Directions: Take a piece of heavy white or colored paper, and place over it a piece of carbon paper. Lay both underneath this picture. Over the picture place a thin transparent paper, and trace outlines with pencil. The thin paper is to prevent pencil from injuring the picture. Before cutting out, color by hand.

Patent applied for.

THE PIANO

See Insert XIV

Cut out. Cut slits for insertion of straps.

Score with a pin along dotted lines, seeing that keyboard and top are cut free, so that sides will fold underneath properly.

Fold down on all scored lines except the one just above the keys. Fold this upward.

Slip straps into slits, matching letter to letter.

See illustration of finished article.

and

THE PIANO BENCH

See Insert X

Cut out. Cut notches. Score with a pin along dotted lines. Fold down along dotted lines.

Lock straps together by means of notches.

See illustration of finished article.

"That is a darling!" exclaimed Mary Frances, as Billy finished off the piano. "I have the bench done. Certainly my dolls are 'swell,' as Willie Doll says."

"'Says,'" exclaimed Billy, "Oh, ho! Will you ladies excuse me, now? I have an engagement with Father?"

"This is the first evening for a month your dear father hasn't been working far into the night," smiled

Mother. "We certainly will excuse you, Brother; and we'll join you both a little later."

"I'll tell Father," said Billy.

"Now, Mother," said Mary Frances, "now, will you come while I put the piano in the dolls' house? And to-morrow morning, will you come with me at earliest light and listen to what the cute things say?"

"Yes, indeed, girlie! It certainly will be fun!" said Mother following the little girl.

. . . . . .

"Hush-sh-sh!" warned Mary Frances as she and her mother tiptoed into the playroom door early next morning.

"Yes, all right, dear," Mother's head meant by the nodding.

They took their station behind the big rocker near Sandpile Village. Moments passed while Mary Frances almost held her breath hoping that the dolls would speak, but they lay just as she had left them the evening before.

"Come, dear, you'll take cold, for you are not fully dressed; and I must go," Mother finally said.

"I'm so-o-o disappointed, Mother dear!" Tears ran down Mary Frances' cheeks.

"Never mind, dearie mine," said Mother; "fairies and dolls do not talk for grown-up people."

"Oh, I'm so sorry for grown-up people," cried Mary Frances.

"Well, we have our com-pen-sa-tion—we have the dear, dear children, you know," and Mary Frances and her mother hugged and kissed each other in a different way from ever before.

"And you can tell me all about it," added Mother.

CHAPTER XXI

A Five o'Clock Tea

MARY FRANCES was listening. She had borrowed some of Eleanor's paper dolls, and placed them just outside Sandpile Village.

Mother Doll was leisurely strolling down the village street.

Suddenly she looked up and smiled as she saw Eleanor's dolls.

"Why," she said, "if this is not a pleasure! Most unexpected, too! I am delighted, Mrs. Eleanor Doll. And are these your daughters—and your sons?"

Mrs. Eleanor Doll introduced her children.

"I'm delighted to meet you, young people, I'm sure, although I cannot very well remember so many names. I met your dear mother, I well recall, one day when your Miss Eleanor visited our Miss Mary Frances."

Mrs. Eleanor said she remembered the day well.

"And now," beamed Mother Doll, "and now, noth-

ing will do at all, unless you come this afternoon and take a cup of tea with us. I—usually, I pour at five."

("Oh, the little pretender will be caught yet," thought Mary Frances.)

"I usually pour at five," repeated Mother Doll.

"Not down me!" whispered Mrs. Eleanor Doll's littlest boy.

"Hush!" warned his big sister.

"In fact," said Mother Doll, "to-day we were going to make a little social affair of our own home party—a small 'At Home,' you know; nothing elaborate, but just for our own pleasure. You will all be sure to come, will you not?"

Mrs. Eleanor Doll accepted the invitation for the family.

"So glad!" murmured Mother Doll, shaking hands in most approved fashion with Mrs. Eleanor Doll, and bowing to the others, as they accepted the invitation.

"Whew!" whispered the little boy doll, "don't we put on the high and mighty? Ahem! Ahem!"

"Hush, Boy," said his mother severely. "Just because somebody's jealous, maybe, you need not

make fun. I'm glad we're invited—and even if Mrs. Doll overdoes a little in her manner, perhaps it's good for us to see how she manages."

("Which it is," thought Mary Frances; "for Eleanor will make a house and sets of furniture just like these—then what?")

. . . . . .

Cinda let Mrs. Doll in the front door, and her mistress made her go down the walk to pick up some papers that were floating about in the breeze.

(Oh, ho!" giggled Mary Frances, "to show off the colored maid! Oh, the funny little thing!")

"Girls," called Mother Doll, "get ready. Get your dresses out and lay them on the bed, and come——"

"Oh, Mother, what in the wide world are you trying to say?" asked Amy, leaning over the banister.

"Bless me, my children," said Mother Doll, "I'm that excited! I was trying to say that at last we can give a Tea, for there's somebody to invite! I met Mrs. Eleanor Doll and her family down below Sandpile Village—and we at last are able to give our Five o'Clock Tea."

"Mother! What? That, and a piano in one day! Oh, ho," cried Amy.

"Yes, and Amy can play 'Polly Wants a Crack——' "

"Willie," exclaimed Amy, "you must want one! Keep still."

"I'm so sorry I couldn't have cards," continued Mother Doll. "I can see them now. They read like this:

To meet Miss Winnie Doll.

Mrs. Mother Doll,
Sandpile Village.

Tuesday, five o'clock.

"Never mind, Mother," said May Belle; "more important is—what are we going to have to eat?"

"Oh, yes," said Mother Doll, "that is true; but something quite simple is always best unless it is really a very formal occasion."

"How much you do know, Mother!" exclaimed Hazel, looking proudly at her.

"Well, my dear," said Mother Doll, beaming with pleasure, "you must remember, my father was a judge, and, of course, I've had advantages; and I want you children to have advantages. If your dear father——"

"Oh, Miss Doll," interrupted Cinda, "here come Mister Willie with eight loaves of bread."

"Yes, Cinda," said Mother Doll, "and lettuce, and other packages. You go and open everything. Wash the lettuce and drain it carefully—then come to me."

"Yas'am," said Cinda, "yas'am."

"I reckon something's going on here," she muttered as she went out.

"Let me see," said Mother Doll. "I was going to have simple lettuce sandwiches, but those people will be really hungry, so I think we'll have—

Club Sandwiches
Fancy Cakes Bonbons
Tea or Cocoa

"Delightful!" exclaimed May Belle. "I know how how to make grand club sandwiches."

"Seems as if I like the sound of bonbons best," interrupted Willie.

"Oh, go 'long," said May Belle, "I'm telling how—

To Make Club Sandwiches

1. Toast slices of bread after removing crust.
2. While hot, spread with butter.
3. On one piece of toast place—
   A lettuce leaf,
   A few thin slices of roast chicken
   ½ tablespoon chopped olives and pickles
   2 slices hot bacon
   1 tablespoon of salad dressing
   Another lettuce leaf
   Another piece of toast.

"My, that makes my mouth get ready," said Willie Doll.

"You forgot to say, 'tie with ribbon' May Belle," said Tony, laughing.

"Tony, you may carve the chicken," said his sister.

"Will you go to the kitchen now and begin?"

"Use the one that is in the dresser—the chicken without any of the paint rubbed off," she called after him.

"Hazel, child," said Mother Doll, "please see that the tea kettle and tea ball are ready?"

"Wouldn't it be better to use a teapot for so many, Mother?" asked Amy.

"Why, yes, child, it would!" said Mother Doll; "and, Amy, will you do up my hair for the occasion?"

"Certainly, Mother," said Amy; "Let's go upstairs now;—the girls will see that everything is ready. I'll do your hair right away."

"Don't singe it, Amy!" called Willie Doll, dodging into the kitchen.

. . . . . .

"All ready, girls?" asked Mother Doll. "I'm so grateful we have these lovely afternoon clothes. No, my dear Hazel, you are mistaken; not full-dress for an informal afternoon affair; a big party might call for that."

"Now, you girls may prepare to receive with me," she went on; "stand next to me on the left; Tony, I think you may stand on my right, and Willie, you—"

"Not me!" declared Willie Doll, "not me, excuse me!" and he sat over on the sofa.

Everybody laughed.

"Hush!" The door knocker was pounding. It made a sound like the tick of a clock.

. . . . . .

Mary Frances could scarcely keep from laughing aloud, as Mother Doll presented, "My son, Mr. Tony—my daughter, Miss Amy," to the entire Eleanor Doll family; and then poured tea, while the girls and Tony and Willie served the guests, and Cinda brought fresh supplies.

"A beautiful home, Mrs. Doll," said Mrs. Eleanor Doll. "A beautiful home! And what a lovely piano!"

"Yes," sighed Mother Doll, "Amy would play for you, only she is out of practice!"

"Only, we've just gotten it," interrupted Willie Doll, "and this is our first tea party, too!"

Mrs. Eleanor Doll looked at Mrs. Paper Doll in surprise. Then they both burst out laughing.

"I knew it," laughed Mrs. Eleanor Doll.

"And I knew you knew it," laughed Mother Doll.

"And I knew you knew I knew it," Mrs. Eleanor Doll said, wiping away laughter-tears.

("I do hope it will be a lesson to the funny little thing," thought Mary Frances.)

CHAPTER XXII

Father Doll Comes to Life

"I WONDER why Cinda isn't up?" exclaimed Mother Doll, coming into the kitchen the next morning. "I do wonder! I guess I'll go upstairs to see."

Cinda was in bed. As soon as she caught sight of Mother Doll, she began:

"Oh, Miss Doll! Oh, Miss Doll! I'm so sick I can't see; that sick I can't move; I'm that sick I can't speak!"

"Well, Cinda," said Mother Doll, "suppose you keep still long enough for me to find out what is the matter."

"Oh, Miss Doll, I reckon I can tell all about it to you-all. I dun read in the normanac about a kind of medicine what would cure the distress ob the back, and another kind what would cure the headache, and another kind what would increase the appletite; an'—an'—I dun bought 'em all, and dun took a dose ob all of 'em at once three times a day—mixed—an'—an'—oh, dear oh-h—deear-r-r!"

"Well, I should think!" exclaimed Mother Doll. "Great grandfathers! So then! Cinda, where did you keep all these bottles? I haven't noticed any."

"I dun hid 'em under the bed," said Cinda.

"So then! and forevermore!" exclaimed Mother Doll. "Never, never touch them again! It's a wonder you're alive!"

"Yas'am, it sure is, Miss Doll; I dun thought I was dead all night," said Cinda.

"Shall I get your cousin to come see you, Cinda?" asked Mother Doll.

"Oh, no'am, thank you, Miss Doll," said Cinda. "No'am, she's rather a rough girl, I guess. I never met her, but I dun got somebody to give me a sketch ob her; and—why, I feel better, Miss Doll! I 'spect it was talkin' to you-all."

"I 'spect your malady was mostly 'scare,'" said Mother Doll.

"Yas'am, I'll be down befor' long, Miss Doll," said Cinda, "and help wif everything."

"Don't come, Cinda, if you don't feel well."

. . . . . .

The door bell rang. Cinda went to the door.

"Does Mrs. Doll live here?"

"Yas'am—I mean, yas, suh, she do," said Cinda, "but she don't want no postcards, nor dusters, nor soap premiums."

"Will you take a message to her, child?" said the caller. "I'm no peddler, though I'm covered with dust. May I come in? I'm Mrs. Doll's husband."

"Husband! You! No, suh, no suh, yo' don't get the best ob this heah darkey, no sir-ee!" And Cinda banged the door shut.

"Here, Shep!" she called so loudly she could be heard through the door. "Here, Shep! Where is that dog?"

"Who's there, Cinda?" asked Mother Doll. "You know we have no dog in the house—and besides, I told you, you remember, to feed all tramps. Yes, I did, Amy. Who knows but that is what your poor dear father is this minute."

"Is the man hungry?" she asked Cinda.

"Maybe—" said Cinda, "perhaps—I didn't ask him, Miss Doll."

"Oh, Cinda, where is he? Is he out there yet?"

"Yas'am, 'spect he is," said Cinda. "I didn't just like his looks. He seemed to think he had a right here."

"Why, what did he say?" laughed Mother Doll.

"Humm—Miss Doll, he done say, 'I'se Miss Doll's husband.'"

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Mother Doll, and all the children rushed to her. "Let me go to the door!" and she ran out.

"It is! It is my dear husband!" she cried, "and your father, children! My dear!" and she fell fainting into the dusty arms of Father Doll on the steps.

When Mother Doll opened her eyes she was on the sofa and Father Doll was leaning over patting her head. She laughed and cried and hugged him; and cried and laughed again, and hugged him and as many of the children as she could at once; then one at a time; and then everybody hugged and kissed everybody else.

Cinda suddenly appeared, and bowing before Mother Doll, said:

"Supper—dinner is served, madam," and walked solemnly out of the room.

Everyone smiled.

"Behold!—our maid!" said Willie Doll, proudly.

"Father, come up to our room," cried Tony, "and fix up. Supper can wait a few minutes, can't it, Mother?"

"Certainly, my dear boy," said Mother Doll. "Do make your father comfortable!"

"Excuse me," she added. "I will go and see if Cinda has put everything into the warming oven."

CHAPTER XXIII

How Father Doll Got Lost

"TAKE your rightful place, Father," said Mother Doll, pointing to the head of the table. "We have never let anyone sit in your chair! Our dearest wish is granted to have you with us once again, a united happy family in our own home."

"It is! It is!" cried all the children, and Father Doll bowed his head to hide the tears.

"Where were you, my dear, all this time?" asked Mother Doll after everyone was served to fish, and roast beef, and carrots, and peas, and potatoes, and tomato salad, and dessert.

"It seems to me these things taste better every time we have them," interrupted Willie Doll, cutting into a paper pie with a little lead knife. "I've had this same apple pie six times this week, and every time I have it——"

"William, you didn't hear me ask your father a question, did you?" said his mother.

"Excuse me, Mother," said Willie; "I beg your pardon."

"Where were you, my dear, all this time?" Mother Doll again asked Father Doll.

"Imagine my sorrow, my dear ones," said Father Doll, tears coming again to his eyes, "There I was all these days—caught behind the radiator where I could see your comings and goings and doings every day—see your new house——"

"*Our* new house, Father," interrupted Mother Doll. "*Our* new beautiful home."

"*Our* home, dear Mother," said Father Doll, getting up and kissing her. Then he continued:

"Try as I would, not one word could I make you hear."

"Oh, how terrible!" shuddered Mother Doll.

"Not until this morning did Miss Mary Frances' mother sweep me out. "'Why,' she exclaimed, 'isn't this Mary Frances' paper doll that has been gone so long?'"

"Oh, my dear husband—such a fate!" cried Mother Doll.

"But we are now reunited—a happy family, my

own dear," said Father Doll; "let us forget our past sorrows."

"But behind the radiator—such a weary, dark hole," shuddered Mother Doll. "Oh, wasn't it awful!"

"Awful!" said the children.

"Our little Miss will be so sorry—she wouldn't have done it for the world," said Amy.

"Not for the world," repeated all the children.

"Back of the radiator
In the playroom—
Out from the radiator,
Saved by a broom!"

quoted Willie Doll, solemnly; and everybody laughed and felt much better.

"Let us sing something, children," said Mother Doll.

"I think it had better be 'Home, Sweet Home'" said Tony, going to the piano.

Then all the family gathered round and sang:

"'Mid playrooms and playthings
Tho' we may roam,
Be it only a dolls' house,
There's no place like home;
The mansions of great folks
Have nothing for style
To compare for an instant
With our home on the Pile.

CHORUS.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,
Be it only a dolls' house,
Oh, there's no place like home."

"Now," said Willie Doll, "Tone, get your camera and let's have a group picture taken."

"Capital!" cried Tony rushing upstairs.

"It's on the top shelf of the closet," cried Amy after him; "I put it there to-day when I tidied up your room."

"Let's pose ourselves," said Hazel, striking an attitude. "I'd like to have Mother lean her head on Father's shoulder—this way," leaning on Willie.

"No, you don't," cried Willie; "besides, that would put you sideways to the camera."

"And what of that?" retorted Hazel .

"Why, everybody'd see through you," explained Willie. "You're so thin! Besides—don't you know that paper dolls must look everything in the face?"

"Say, Amy, I can't find that camera," called Tony down the stairs. "Confound your tidying up!"

"Tony!" exclaimed Mother Doll.

"Whow! Whow-w!" cried Baby Doll.

"The dear little thing knows it's going to have it's picture taken," exclaimed Mother Doll, bouncing the baby up and down on her knee.

"And it's so glad to see its Dad!" said Father Doll, taking the baby in his arms.

"If agreeable, I wish to recite a poem," said Willie, "that I made up in honor of our little mistress; but since this is the day of our dear Father's return it is a double honor."

"Begin," cried all the dolls.

Willie mys-ter-i-ous-ly brought out his handkerchief, and carefully unfolding it, took out and held up a, paper-animal rat by the tail.

"Ou-chee!" shrieked the girls.

"Be quiet, will you?" said Willie. "It can't hurt you while I hold it. Now, I'll begin——

"This is the rat
That ate the cake
That lay in the house that Missy built."

Then, pulling a paper-animal cat from under the library table, and holding it in the other arm, facing the paper rat,

This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the cake
That lay in the house that Missy built."

"Excuse me," said Willie going to the door. Then pulling paper-animal Shep in, he continued—

This is the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat——"

"Bow-wow-wow!" barked Shep, and away scampered the rat, and after it scampered the cat; and everybody laughed, and cried, "Good old Shep! Good boy!"

"Here's the camera!" said Tony, coming into the room, "and here is Cinda, our cook. Ready all, for a snapshot of the happiest and most——"

"Scrum-bum-tious," said Willie.

"Family in Playdom," finished Tony, clicking the camera catch.

This is the picture Tony Doll took of the Doll Family.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Sleigh

"SISTER, what do you say to this sleigh for Mrs. Doll?" asked Billy.

"Oh, the dear little thing!" cried Mary Frances, delighted. "Now, all the family will go sleighing, and—dear me! Billy, I do believe they will be the proudest dolls that ever lived."

"Ho, ho! 'lived'!" laughed Billy.

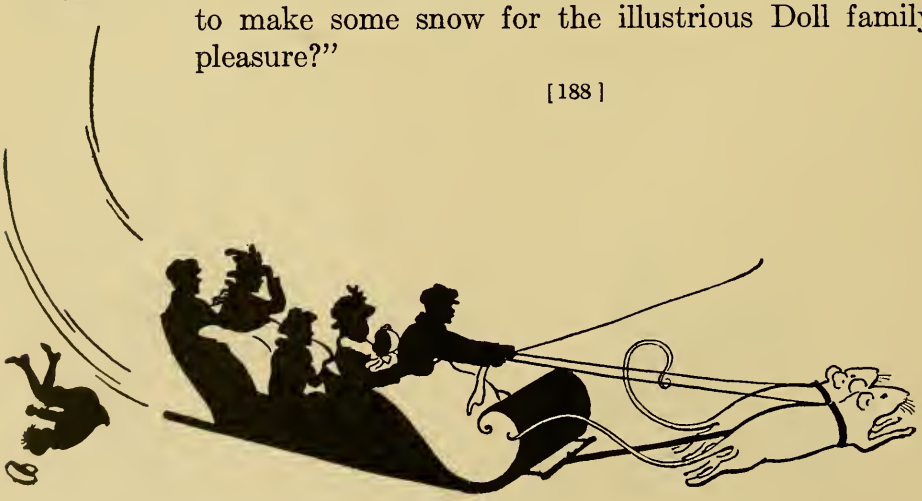
"Well, anyhow, Billy," said Mary Frances, blushing, "the little sleigh is a darling. Where did you get it, may I ask?"

"That's telling," said Billy, very pleased with the praise.

"Let the wonderful dolls ride in 'Jingle Bells' all they want to," he said.

"Is that the name of the sleigh?" asked Mary Frances.

"Yes, I hope you like it. Wouldn't you like me to make some snow for the illustrious Doll family's pleasure?"



"Oh, Billy," laughed Mary Frances, "I don't wonder you ask—they are the most indulged dolls."

"But what about horses?" asked Billy.

"I guess the dolls will have to get their own horses," said Mary Frances.

. . . . . .

". . . Our little Miss—" Mother Doll was saying, as Mary Frances slipped the sleigh in front of the door; but that is all she heard, although she listened several minutes.

"I'll come early in the morning," she thought, as she went away.

CHAPTER XXV

Live White Horses

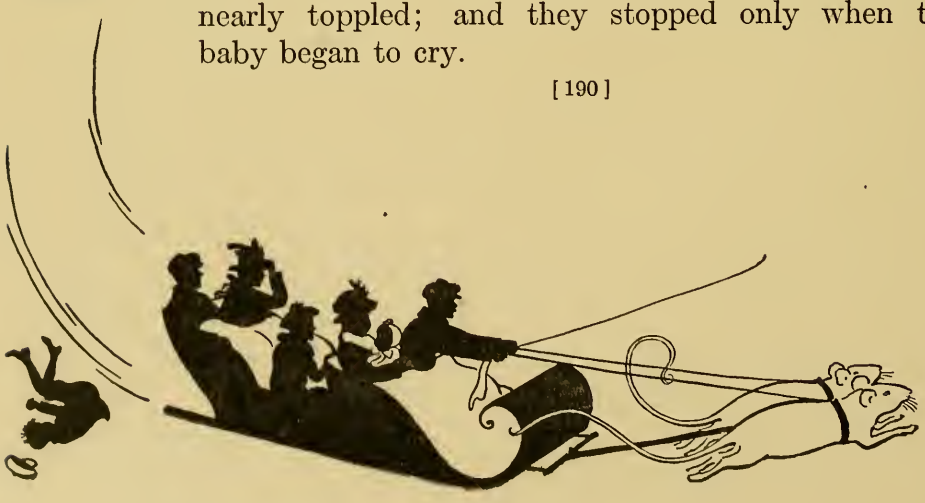
"I'M certain, my dear," said Father Doll next morning as Mary Frances opened the playroom door. "I'm quite certain I saw two white mice that I can catch for horses."

"Oh," thought Mary Frances, "Billy's pet mice. They are somewhere about the mantel. They got out of the cage a week ago."

"Oh, forevermore! Most wonderful husband!" said Mother Doll. "To have a pair of horses in addition to all our other great blessings. It would be the very most marvelous!"

Father Doll straightened himself up and answered proudly, "We'll see to-night, my dear; and if I can catch those mice, what do you all say to a moonlight sleigh ride?"

Then the paper doll children danced and shouted and hugged and kissed their father until the house nearly toppled; and they stopped only when the baby began to cry.



("I wonder," thought Mary Frances, "I do wonder what they'll do. I'll come watch to-night.")

. . . . . .

"Away we go!" cried Father Doll flourishing his whip. "Isn't it grand, my dears—a sleigh ride, with *white* horses!"

"Beautiful white horses," drawled Hazel. "Only, Father, I should think you'd be afraid they'd bite you."

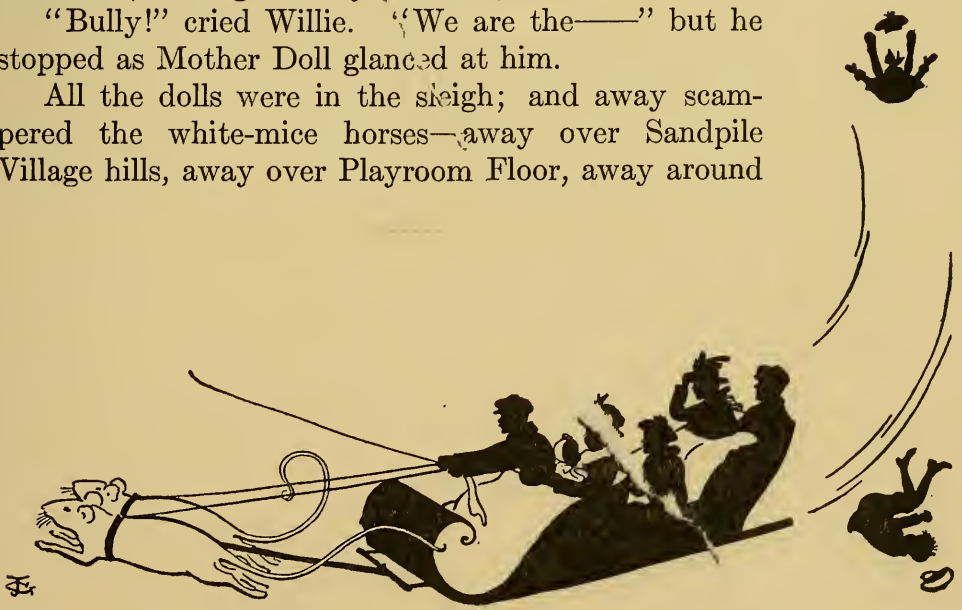
"One did nibble off my moustache on one side," replied Father Doll, "but what of that, when you think of this moonlight sleigh ride! It can be painted on again."

"It's lovely to-night!" cried Amy. "My, isn't the air cold and delicious?" snapping her fingers to-gether to keep them warm.

(Mother left the playroom window open this afternoon," thought Mary Frances.)

"Bully!" cried Willie. "We are the——" but he stopped as Mother Doll glanced at him.

All the dolls were in the sleigh; and away scampered the white-mice horses—away over Sandpile Village hills, away over Playroom Floor, away around



the sides of the room, and back again to Sandpile Village.

"William," said Father Doll, as the sleigh pulled up before their play house, "you get out and hold the horses' heads until everybody unloads."

"Gee!" exclaimed Willie. "Say, Dad, I'm afraid the horses'll bite!"

'Here, you sharp-toothed white mouse, don't you dare eat my mitten!"

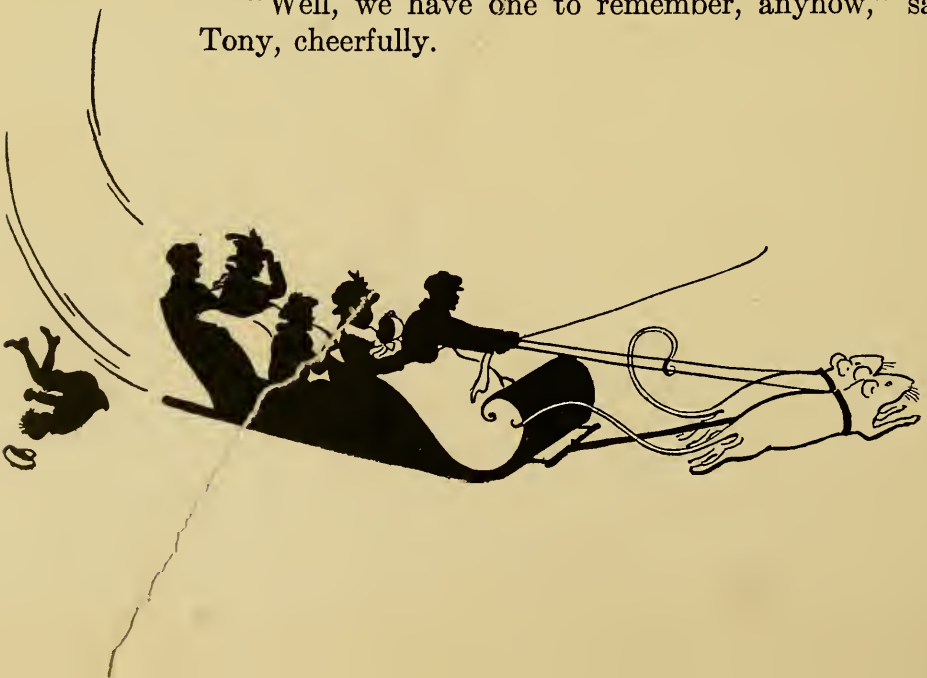
But the mouse had nibbled quite a hole off one finger already.

"An automobile for mine!" cried Willie, letting go of the little string bridle, whereat off scampered the frightened mice, snapping the traces, overturning the sleigh and upsetting the entire Doll family.

When all had righted themselves they set the sleigh up on its runners and tried to find the mice horses, but they were nowhere to be found.

"Oh," sobbed May Belle, "no more sleigh rides for this happy family!"

"Well, we have one to remember, anyhow," said Tony, cheerfully.



"If only we had an automobile, like the Frenches have!" said Mother Doll.

("Oh, how cute!" thought Mary Frances. "I'll hint to Billy to get one!")

"Why, Mother!" said Father Doll, "it seems as though that would be too great a luxury to add to all this."

"I suppose so," said Mother Doll; "and, as the Frenches say, 'the up-keep of a car is a very great expense.' "

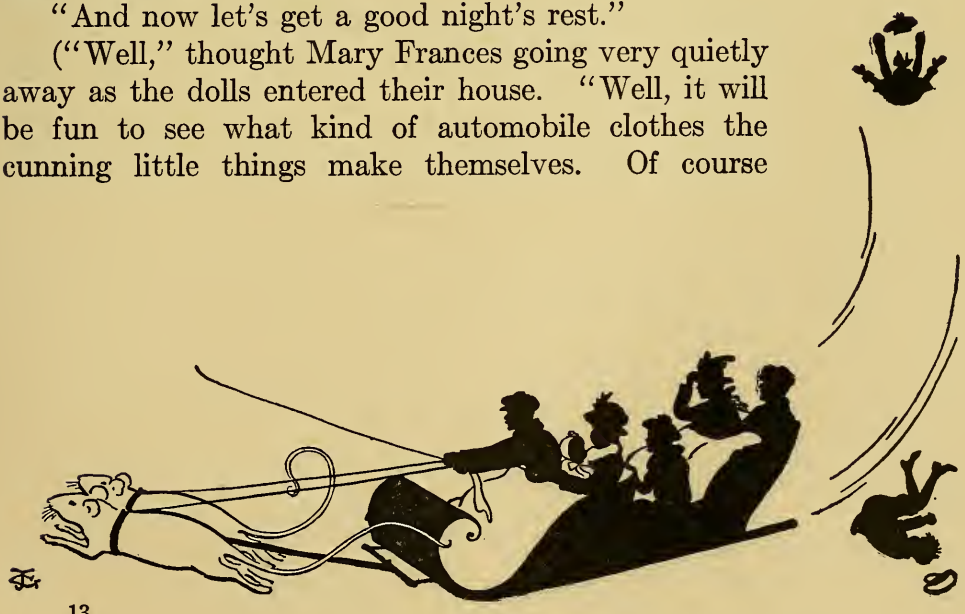
"The keeping up of a sleigh was a great strain to-day!" exclaimed Willie, and everybody laughed.

"Suppose," said Mother Doll, "just for the fun of it, suppose we were going to have an automobile. We'd all need automobile clothes—so let's make some. Let's make some."

(Oh, you funny, funny Mother Doll," smiled Mary Frances to herself.)

"And now let's get a good night's rest."

("Well," thought Mary Frances going very quietly away as the dolls entered their house. "Well, it will be fun to see what kind of automobile clothes the cunning little things make themselves. Of course



they won't be able to do much, and I'll fix some for them to-morrow.)

. . . . . .

"Oh, dearie!" sighed Mother Doll, "however, will I make it fit if you keep jumping and bobbing around all the time?"

She was holding a piece of newspaper up against Hazel.

"Well, Mother, I can't very well stand still when you stick pins into me!'"

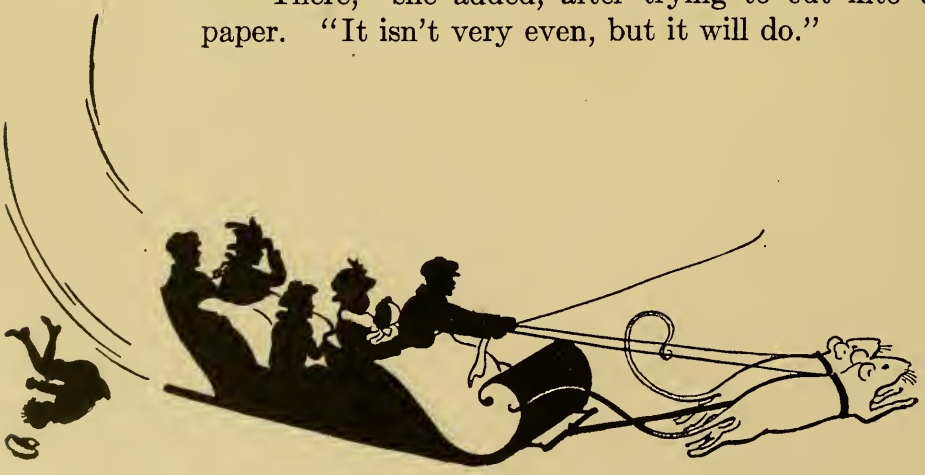
"How can I keep anything in place without pins?" asked Mother Doll, sticking a pin into Hazel's neck to hold the paper coat in place.

"This coat is very pretty, Hazel—at a distance it might look like fur."

"It *might*, Hazel," said Willie. "It *might* look like chinchilly, or it *might* look like 'nearfur.'"

"Willie," exclaimed his mother, "don't make fun, and do go into the kitchen and get a lead-knife to cut the collar. I can't tear the edge straight."

"There," she added, after trying to cut into the paper. "It isn't very even, but it will do."



"I can't say I like the style of it exactly, Mother," said Hazel, looking into the bureau glass.

"It is very 'chic,'" said Willie, "but I can't say I'd like one exactly on the same lines."

Mary Frances nearly laughed aloud. "I do wonder when they'll find the clothes I put into the corner of the living room," she thought.

"Oh, go 'long with you, Willie," said his mother. "I have so much to do, and your father will be back from the store in a few minutes."

"So long," said Willie running down stairs, "Nothing like being prepared for the best—an auto!"

"Oh, I say!" he shouted, spying the dolls' clothes. "Oh, come downstairs, 'you-all's.'"

"Look at the glad rags! From our little Miss, I bet."

"William," exclaimed Mother Doll, who came puffing down the stairs, followed by the family, "You will always use such extravagant expressions. But he's right. I declare. Look, children. Come look at these lovely clothes."

"Oh, Miss Doll," said Cinda, coming in, "ain't dere one foh meh?"

"Don't seem to be 'heah,'" said Tony sorting the pile and handing each piece to the right person. "Don't seem to be 'heah' at all."

"Tony!" warned Mother Doll; then, to Cinda, "I do not see anything here for you, Cinda; but when we take you out in our automobile, I'll loan you my ulster."

"Hear! Hear!" exclaimed the children, "*Our* automobile!"

"What else could such beautiful clothes mean?" said Mother Doll, putting on her automobile bonnet.

("Oh, you'll get an automobile, you dears!" softly whispered Mary Frances, "after I tell Father and Billy about your faith in your Miss. My, there comes Billy in the front door—and Father, too!" And away she ran.)

CHAPTER XXVI

The Automobile

"OH, Father, Oh, Billy," she exclaimed, kissing them both, "I'm so glad you're home! Mother is out calling and the dolls—the paper dolls—want—they want an automobile!"

"Swell's no name for those dolls, Father," said Billy. "Why, they are The Millionaire Doll Babies!" he teased, pulling Mary Frances' hair.

"Come," said Father, "it is Saturday and I'm home early; so Billy boy, let's see what we can do for this young lady."

"What make of car do you prefer, madam?" asked Billy, clearing his throat. "Now, the Packswell is an excellent model. The carburetor, and the incinerator, and the incendiary——"

"Oh, Billy, you tease!" laughed Mary Frances.

"Or perhaps you'd like an Afford, or an Overturne."

"I'd like a Father-and-Billy make," laughed Mary Frances.

"If that's the case, little daughter," said Father, "your humble servants will try to grant your wish."

"Oh, you—dear fairies!" said Mary Frances.

"Now shut your eyes, little daughter," said her father. "Don't you peep!" commanded Billy, "and you needn't open your mouth—but you just stretch out your hand."

"Now, may I look?" Mary Francis opened her eyes. She was holding a little tin automobile in her hand. "Where did—how did you guess I'd want it so much?" she cried delightedly. "Oh, Father—oh, Billy—how?"

"Can't see why such dolls shouldn't have everything going, can we Billy?" said Father, as Mary Francis ran with the new toy to the playroom.

She placed a colored doll on the front seat for chauffeur, and set the automobile back of the house.

CHAPTER XXVII

A Spin in the Car

"AHEM! Ahem!" Willie Doll cleared his throat as he looked out of the window.

"A-hem—and ah-em-em!" he coughed.

"Oh, Mother, come here!"

"Oh, and ah! if there isn't our car in front of the door!"

"Why, bless my eyes!" cried Mother Doll. "Where are my glasses? Hazel, Amy, Willie, Tony, May Belle, here, find my glasses! I want to see if it is——'

"What's the matter, Mother?" cried the girls, running. "What do you want to see?"

"There are your 'specs' on top of your head!" cried Willie.

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Mother Doll, "I remember putting them there."

"Why, that car must be ours," she said, looking out of the door. "Now I can see what is printed on the side—'Dollsmobile.' "

"It is ours! It is ours! And behold! and look!

and see! and witness! And do my eyes deceive me? If there isn't our colored chauffeur!" exclaimed Willie.

"Oh, I hope his name is Joms," cried May Belle. "It sounds so 'airish' you know, to say, 'Joms.' Oh, Father," she added, as Mr. Doll came in, "Oh—look at that grand automobile and chauffeur!"

"Why, yes, my dear wife and children, it is ours," smiled Father Doll, "and we'll go out immediately for a spin—if you say so."

"Say so! Say so!" cried the family.

"To work! Let's put on our automobile togs," said Willie.

May Belle was the first to get out the front door.

"Joms, Joms," she called, "Joms, bring the car a little nearer."

"Oh, my! hear the airs of 'milady,' " said Tony.

The colored driver touched his cap and drove the machine up to the front door.

"His name is Joms. His name is Joms," May Belle hugged Amy in her joy.

"Hope Cinda likes the name," laughed Tony.

"Allow me!" helping the ladies in.

Then the chauffeur cranked the machine, jumped in and away went the merry party.

. . . . . .

"Where do you keep the cahr, sir?" asked Joms, "and where do I stay at, sir?"

"Ahem! Ahem!" said Father Doll. "Ahem! I—we—that is—if there were a public garage, I'll send you there, Joms, but as it is—as it is—Mother, as it is?" he turned to Mother Doll.

"As it is, Joms," said Mother Doll.

"—is," said Willie.

"As it is," said Mother Doll, "just drive right into the rear door of—of the kitchen—and Joms, you can sleep in the car to-night!"

("Oh, of all things!" laughed Mary Frances, "A garage you shall have! I wonder I didn't think of it!")

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Garage

"OH, Billy, oh, they have no garage! They love the automobile. They are crazy about it, but they have to keep it in the kitchen!"

"Whew!" whistled Billy, "that won't do."

"Say," he added, "I guess we can work out plans for a garage ourselves, between us. We can use some boxes, I think."

"With one section for the sleigh, and one for the auto, and a sleeping room on the second floor for the colored chauffeur," said Mary Frances.

"And a fence to enclose the whole yard, madam," said Billy.

"Oh, Billy, that will be lovely!" exclaimed Mary Frances, well pleased. "I wish we had a few more trees."

"They're easy," said Billy. "I'll make them now."

"Good," said Mary Frances, "I have some chickens, and a dog, and I do need a yard and trees."

"Here is a tree, madam," said Billy, presently, "Can you plant it?"

"Oh, how cute," said the little girl. "I think I can."

CHAPTER XXIX

Wishes Come True

"A MILLIONAIRE, diddle-diddle,
as oft may hap,
Fell ill one day, diddle-diddle,
in Luxury's lap;
In Luxury's lap, diddle-diddle, I'll tell
you why—
He'd nothing left for which to sigh,"

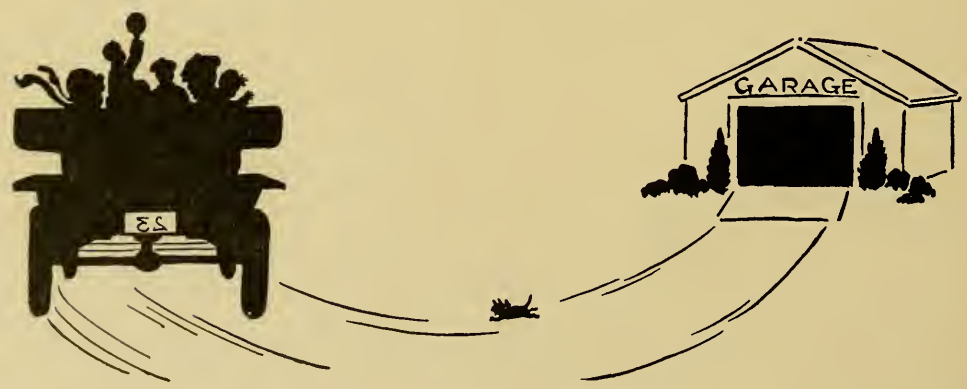
sang Willie Doll, looking out of the kitchen door the next morning, and spying the garage.

He had gotten up very early, but not before the colored chauffeur, Joms.

"Morning, Joms," he nodded, as though not in the least surprised.

"Good-morning, suh," smiled Joms, wiping some dust off the sleigh. "I was just wondering, suh, whereabouts I might get help to put away this sleigh, suh."

"Why, I'll help," said Willie, and together they ran the little sleigh into its garage.



"You need not bring the car out of the kitchen until the family are up, Joms," said Willie, with a high and mighty air.

"That's what I done tole him." It was Cinda, looking 'round the corner of the garage.

"Cinders!" exclaimed Willie—"Why, what do you know about it?"

"I don't know why you-all's getting so high and airish all of a sudden, Mister Willie," said Cinda, tears coming into her eyes. "I reckon I belongs to the little Miss, jest the same as you white dolls—and so—so does Joms."

With that Joms put his arm around Lucinda.

("Oh, the poor little things," thought Mary Frances, laughing.)

"Forevermore! So then!"

Mother Doll was looking out of the bedroom window.

"Forever-and-ever-more!" she exclaimed again. At that, out of every window of the house popped a head.

"Oh, look at our garage!"

"Oh, look at our chauffeur!"

"Oh, look at our—our maid!" one after the other exclaimed.

"I don't care," cried Lucinda. "He's my brother I dun lost before I ever procured you-alls, and I'll kiss him if I wants to—so I will."

("Surely enough" thought Mary Frances, "both those colored dolls came in the same set, but I forgot to cut out Joms until we got the automobile.)

"It's all right," said Father Doll, "It's all right, Cinda and Joms."

"Come, everybody, let's get Joms to crank the machine and all drive out into the garage. Cinda may sit with Joms in front."

Everybody scrambled into the machine, even Mother Doll with the baby, and Joms started it off.

"An excellent machine! An excellent machine!" exclaimed Father Doll, proudly. "And what a magnificent garage."

Then suddenly Mother Doll began to cry and cry and cry.

"Why, what-in-the-wide-wide-world-in-the-universe is the matter, Mother?" asked Tony.

"Oh, oh," sobbed Mother Doll, "I am crying

because everybody in the world can't have everything they want."

("Good old Mother Doll," thought Mary Frances.)

"Let them have it," solemnly commanded Willie.

"I thought you were crying because you couldn't think of anything more to wish for, Mother!" exclaimed May Belle.

Then Willie began to sing:

"A millionaire, diddle-diddle, as oft may hap,
Fell ill one day in Luxury's lap,
In Luxury's lap, diddle-did——"

"Come, dear," came Mary Frances' mother's voice. "Come, you must get back into bed; it isn't time to get up yet."

"Oh," whispered Mary Frances, "Mother, they were just running the auto into the garage."

"They were, dear? Well, in the morning you can see them again."

. . . . . .

But when Mary Frances went into the playroom later, the automobile was lying on its side near the

edge of the sand pile, and all the paper dolls were scattered here and there over the floor, and she found foot prints of little mice's feet all over the sand pile, and out on the floor, finally leading back of the mantel.

"Oh, I wonder if Mother's interruption scared them all so they'll never talk again before me," thought the little girl. "Well, even if they don't, they have their nice home and furniture and they can have their lovely times to themselves."

PART II

THE KITCHEN GARDEN

TRAINING THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER

CHAPTER XXX

The Kitchen Garden Equipment

"IT'S perfectly lovely for those paper dolls to have such a delightful time keeping house, Mother; but I do wish sometimes that I could help them instead of just listening or looking on—in fact, I would like to give my bigger dollies lessons in housekeeping."

Mary Frances was curled up at her mother's feet.

"It's a good idea, girlie," smiled her mother, "and, of course you can do it now—since Mother Paper Doll has told you and her children so much about every branch of housekeeping."

"I believe I could, Mother dear—if you would help, for although she's told a good deal, I don't believe she began to give a complete——"

"Course in Kitchen Garden Methods," finished her mother. "No, I do not think the course was complete, but we can have a really splendid time passing her wonderful little lessons on to the bigger dollies, and we can add to them."

"Really, Mother? Oh, goody! Where do we begin? What is the first thing?"

"The first thing, I should think," mused Mary Frances' mother, taking a pencil and sheet of paper, "is—let me see—to prepare a list of housekeeping articles needed—just the right size to suit your large dolls. Let us begin to make it now."

"Oh, Mother, what fun, shall I write?"

"Yes, you have already a number of articles such as you will need, but we'll write out a full list. It's just possible that Billy can make you a few of those you do not have——"

"Oh, I'll be bankrupt indeed," sighed Mary Frances, looking toward the little iron satchel bank on the mantel, "if I have to buy everything we will need."

"Well, the money will be spent in a good cause," laughed her mother, "for almost everything worth while comes from the home, and if you learn to become a good home-maker, little girl, it will mean more pleasure and comfort and good for the world than—but let us commence the list. You may write now as I call off the articles for—

THE MARY FRANCES HOUSEKEEPING EQUIPMENT

NOTE.—The size of only the largest pieces of furniture in each set is suggested. Other furnishings should be in proportion to them. The kitchen cabinet should be about 30 inches high; the stove about 15 inches long; the dining table about 3 feet by 1½ feet by 18 or 20 inches high; the bureau about 2½ feet high; the bed 2½ feet long.

KITCHEN

Cabinet
Table
Stove
Ice Chest
Pastry Set
Frying Pan
Measuring Cup
Water Pail
Meat Grinder
Potato Masher
Colander
Funnel
Stewpan
Toaster
Dishpan
Flour Scoop
Dishes
Bread Pan
Knives
Coffee Pot
Tea Kettle
Strainer
Dipper
Grater
Spoons
Dish Towels
Pans
Forks
Egg Beater
Wash Dish
Face Towels

LAUNDRY

Wash Bench
Three Wash Tubs
Wash Board
Boiler
Clothes Basket
Ironing Board
Clothespin Basket
Clothespins
Three Flatirons
Clothes Horse
Soap

DINING ROOM

Table
Buffet
Serving Table
Tablecloth
Doilies
Napkins
Glasses
Glass Water Set
Table Pad
Crumb Brush and Tray
Vinegar, Salt, Pepper Set
Glass Sauce Dishes
Dinner Set
Knives
Cups and Saucers
Spoons
Tray Cloth
Forks
Small Doilies

BEDROOM

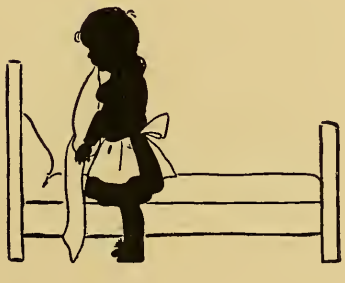
Bureau
Bedstead
Mattress
Wardrobe
Washstand
Chairs
Sewing Table
Desk
Clock
Manicure Set

BEDROOM—*Continued*

Hot Water Bottle
Hand Mirror
Laundry Bag
Soap
Cushions
Washcloths
Trunk
Tabourette
Rug
Chamber Set
Scarfs and Splashers
Wastebasket
Table
Sewing Box
Pin Tray
Screen
Clothes Brush
Comb
Coat Hangers
Towels
Brush
Suitcase

GENERAL

Broom
Dustpan
Carpet Sweeper
Dust Cloths
Scrubbing Brush



CHAPTER XXXI

The Little Home Maker

"LOOK, Mother, what a long list—but, do you know, I already have all the small things, I really believe, and a few of the large ones. I have a bedstead and mattress and a—oh, lots of things!"

"Mary Frances, dear, if you should try to name all the possessions of your various doll children, I fear you'd never, never finish to-night—so how about planning the Kitchen Garden lessons?"

"Well, Mother, it's all right to plan the lessons, but how can those dolls really keep house right without a real house to keep?" asked Mary Frances.

"That is a problem, Mary Frances," laughed her mother, "and I have been thinking about it myself. I imagine that some day Billy, with Father's help, will make you a wonderful dolls' house, perhaps almost too large for the playroom.

"Oh, joy!" cried the little girl. "I do wish it was ready now."

"It's not at all necessary to have a dolls' house for the dolls to take their housekeeping lessons—if you mark out with chalk the various rooms on the play room floor, they will learn all the important lessons, and be that much more capable when they have a home of their own."

"That's a splendid way of looking at it, Mother dear—now what's the first lesson?"

"Don't you suppose the dolls remember what they overheard Mrs. Paper Doll teach her children about laying carpets and rugs? So wouldn't it be well to teach them about getting ready for their first meal? It's like moving into a new house. The first they think about is a place to eat, the second a place to sleep."

"Yes, yes, and the dolls will be hungry as soon as they see the pretty table and chairs.

"Now I think you would better begin to write, for I'm going to consider you the dolls' teacher in—

KITCHEN GARDEN METHODS OF HOUSEKEEPING

(Home Making)

This course covers two years' work with one lesson a week.

1. Table Setting
2. Table Serving
3. Washing Dishes
4. Bed Making
5. Weekly Changing of Bed
6. Making an Invalid's Bed
7. Washing Clothes
8. Sprinkling Clothes
9. Ironing Clothes
10. Mending and Putting Away Clothes

For Second Year's Work, see next chapter

CHAPTER XXXII

Advanced Lessons

"MY, but that's a big undertaking, Mary Frances, child. If it were a real Kitchen Garden, the outline already given would make the first year's work, with lessons once a week."

"Heigho, Mother, how we speed, as Cinda would say. Here we are at—

The Second Year's Work

1. General Cleaning
2. The Guest Room
3. Polishing Silver
4. The Invalid's Tray
5. Table Decoration for Special Occasions

CHAPTER XXXIII

Setting the Table

"NOW, Mother, since that outline is so elaborate——"

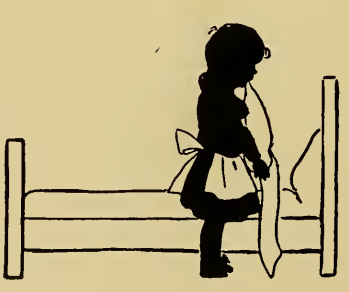
"We'll have to proceed further, and enlarge on these wonderful lessons in Kitchen Garden methods for the dollies," finished Mary Frances' mother.

"Why, that is exactly what I wanted!" exclaimed the delighted little girl. "Mother dear, shall I write out a book on housekeeping just as you wrote out one on cooking for me? How I always loved that book—The Mary Frances Cook Book!"

"Yes, dear—let us call this the Mary Frances Housekeeper—Lessons in Kitchen Garden Methods of Training the Little House Maker."

"That's some title, as Billy would say," said Mary Frances, writing.

"You already have made the outline, so your book is indexed in a way—now I'll begin to explain the



lessons. I will talk with you as though you were the teacher."

"Oh, I always wanted to be a teacher!" Mary Frances nearly upset the workstand at her side. "And now I'm going to be one years and years before I dared to hope for it to come true."

"In the first place," explained her mother, "a good teacher tries to make the children learn easily and happily—so every lesson should be made as attractive and pretty as possible. Let us suppose in making out these play lessons that the new dolls' house is furnished with the various articles we have listed; that the kitchen stands in readiness for use—and the dining room has its delightful furniture spread about in place."

"Oh, I know! I know!"

"Do you? I guess you do, Mary Frances, the lesson will be on—

TABLE SETTING

Place on the table:

1. The silence cloth (pad).
2. Table cloth—the fold in middle of table.
3. Fern or flowers.

4. Plate for "father's" place at head of table.
5. Plate for "mother's" place opposite.
6. Plate for child's place.
7. Plate for guest's place opposite.

At each place lay:

1. Spoon and knife at right, with sharp edge in.
2. Fork at left, with tines up.
3. Napkins at the right, next the knife.
4. Glass just at point of knife.
5. Butter patty or bread-and-butter plate at left above tines of fork.

6. Place pepper and salt shakers on diagonally opposite sides of table, so that every two persons may use one set.

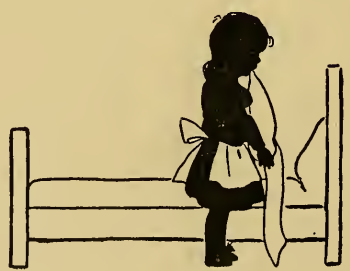
Place relishes, like pickles, olives, jelly on table.

Have two plates of bread on table.

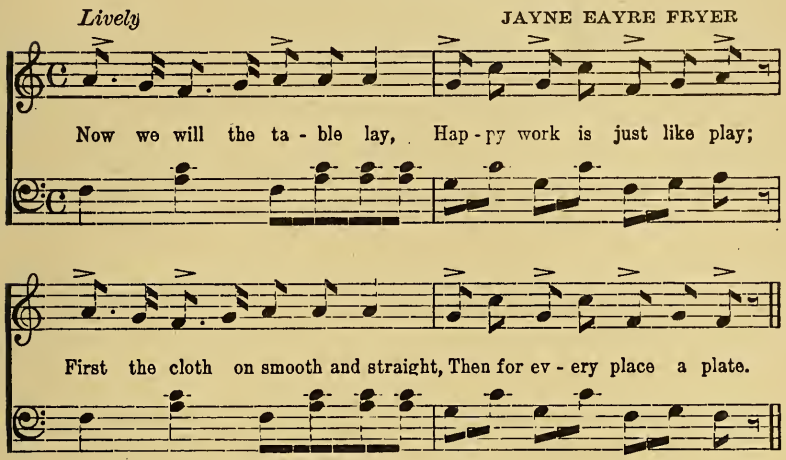
Bring drinking water and butter just before serving the meal.

"Oh, Mother, I was just wild to interrupt to tell you this. Fonsey Doll will be father; and Angie, mother; and Mary Marie, the little girl; and Lady Gay, the guest. Oh, won't the lessons be fun!"

"I think they will, dear," smiled her mother. "When the dolls—I mean children—set the table, teach them this little song:



SETTING THE TABLE


Lively
JAYNE EAYRE FRYER
Now we will the ta - ble lay, Hap - py work is just like play;
First the cloth on smooth and straight, Then for ev - ery place a plate.

Now we will the table lay,
Happy work is just like play;
First the cloth on smooth and straight,
Then for every place a plate.

Knife and fork and spoon and dish,
For the bread and meat and fish,
Glass and napkin in its ring—
Let us not forget a thing.

Ring for dinner, supper, tea,
Whatever meal it is to be,
Gladly we the table lay,
Happy work is just like play."

CHAPTER XXXIV

Waiting on Table

"WHAT joy those children of mine will have serving painted meat and fish," Mary Frances laughed, "when they hear that pretty little song! Have you a song for waiting on table, Mother?"

"Oh, no, little girl, a waitress should be so perfectly quiet at her work that I do not think you'll need a song with this lesson."

"And Mother Paper Doll has already given such good rules to Lucinda that I do not need many more, I guess, Mother—that is, if I can remember them all."

"Well, suppose I give you a few rules of my own," laughed Mary Frances' mother. "And a few hints too, for teaching your children by Kitchen Garden Methods—a lesson on—

Serving

Seat four children at the table at the four places already set. Have one child in white apron and cap act as waitress.

Rules for Waitress:

1. Always be as quiet as possible.
2. See that the table is perfectly laid.
3. Stand at right of each chair in placing dishes.
4. When removing dishes stand at left of each chair.
5. Pass serving dish at left.

BREAKFAST

Waitress:

1. Place dish in center of table, or fruit at each place.
2. After removing fruit, bring cereal in individual dishes, or pass each plate, as mother serves.
3. Set omelet or meat platter before father.
4. Place coffee pot at right of mother.
5. Pass cream, sugar and toast. Refill water glasses.

DINNER

Waitress:

1. Pass soup in individual dishes, or as mother serves.
2. Remove plates.
3. Place platter of meat, and vegetable dishes in front of father. Pass plates. Remove plates.
4. Pass salad as mother serves. Remove plates. "Crumb table."
5. Bring dessert. Pass plates as mother serves.

Luncheon, supper and tea are not usually served in courses. Set table very much as for breakfast. Bread, butter, cake and preserves are placed on table when set.

CHAPTER XXXV

Washing Dishes

"OF course, after we have set the table, served and eaten the food, the next lesson in order," said Mary Frances' mother, "is—

Washing the Dishes

Station the children on each side of the kitchen table. Let one wash, and two wipe dishes. Put cooking dishes to soak.

Order of Work:

1. Scrape and pile.
2. Wash.
3. Drain.
4. Wipe.
5. Put away.
6. Rinse towels and pans.

1. Scrape and pile dishes; put away remnants of food in refrigerator; or, in winter, in the open air, if possible.

2. Wash dishes in soapy water; first glass (always put glass into water sidewise to prevent cracking), then silver, cups and saucers, china, and cooking utensils. Rinse all in hot water.

3. Drain—if possible in a wire dish drain.

4. Wipe and put dishes away.

5. Rinse towels. Wipe table. Rinse dish cloths.

"Then sing this song:

DISH WASHING SONG

With spirit
JANE EAYRE FRYER
Pile the dish - es on the ta - ble, Work as fast as we are a - ble;
Slip them in the soap - y wa - ter—Help-ing moth-er, lit - tle daugh-ter.

Pile the dishes on the table,
Work as fast as we are able;
Slip them in the soapy water—
Helping mother, little daughter.

Rinse the dishes' shining faces,
Drain and wipe and put in places,
Give the cooking pans no quarter—
Mother's helpful little daughter.

Why, the dishes are 'most done;
Seems as though you'd just begun—
Mother's helpful little daughter,
Mother's own friend, little daughter.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Care and Making of Beds

"THE next lesson will be one which will prepare a place for the family to sleep, Mary Frances."

"Oh, Mother, it all makes me wish, wish, wish these dolls had a 'really truly' house just like the paper dolls have."

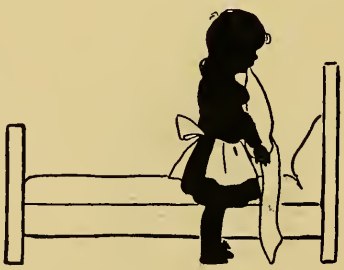
"Patience, little girl, patience. All these lessons may just lead to your getting your wish for your dolls—for I just imagine even a boy would like to help carry out these delightful lessons——"

"Oh, wouldn't it be lovely if Billy would make me a dolls' house! Well, Mother, shall we write the next lesson? I do want to have the dolls prepared—if they should be surprised with a house the way the Paper Doll Family was."

"All right, little girl—now ready for the lesson on—

The Care and Making of Beds

Gather the children around the bedstead, and explain to them that fresh air and sunlight are the first aids to the house-



keeper—they kill germs, destroy odors, and make fresh and healthful surroundings wherever they are called in for assistance.

Order of Work:

1. Remove and air bed clothing.
2. Turn mattress.
3. Place pad over mattress.
4. Place sheets.
5. Covers.
6. Counterpane.
7. Pillows.

Open Windows:

1. Remove and air bed clothing for a half hour, spread it in the sunshine, if possible. When airing bed and bedding, open closet doors.

2. After bedding is aired, make bed.

3. Stretch a pad or heavy covering over the mattress.

4. Place the sheets with wide hem to head of bed, under one with right side up, upper one with right side down, or two right sides of sheets facing each other. This keeps a clean side of the sheets next the pad and covers.

5. Place blankets and quilt. Turn upper sheet over the top. Tuck foot and sides in under mattress.

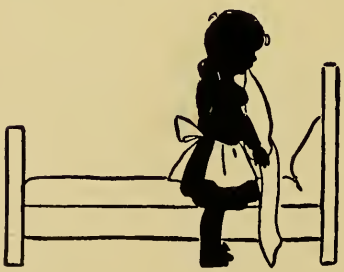
6. Spread counterpane.

7. Place pillows, tucking all extra fullness of the case underneath.

Changing of Bed:

1. In order to save laundry work, many housekeepers change only one sheet on a bed at the end of the week. It is better to change both sheets weekly. If only one is changed, let it be the under one; then use the upper sheet in its place, and use the clean sheet in the upper place.

2. In changing pillow cases, hold pillow under chin instead of in mouth.



CHAPTER XXXVII

Making Invalid's Bed

"WE will have to pretend one of your dollies is ill in this next lesson, dear, or how can the children learn about—

Making an Invalid's Bed

1. Undress doll and put on her nightgown. Do this by first unbottoning all the doll's clothing and slipping the nightgown over her head. Then remove the clothing from underneath the gown. This keeps the sick doll from taking cold, and is a very modest way to undress.

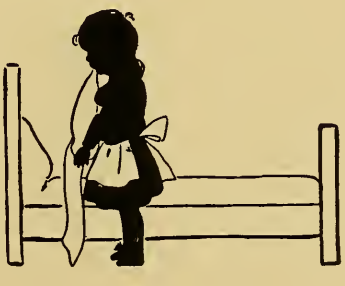
2. Put doll to bed, and cover carefully. Before starting to change a sick person's bed, be certain you have everything ready.

3. Remove counterpane and quilt.

4. On side of bed not in use, roll back the soiled under sheet lengthwise until they nearly touch the patient. Turn patient on side with back toward the rolled sheet. Change pillow case on unused side of bed.

5. Now roll or fold flat one half lengthwise of the clean under sheet.

6. If patient is able, she may turn to her other side, which will carry her over the folded sheets. If unable to do this, lift her over them.



7. Remove soiled sheet and spread the clean sheet in place.

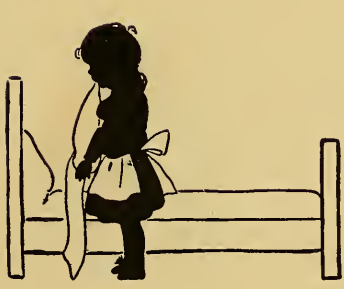
8. The upper sheet should be removed and replaced in much the same way without removing the blanket, so that the patient will not be exposed to cold.

BED MAKING SONG

Waltz time
JANE EAYRE FRYER
O - pen the win - dows, Spread cov - ers wide— Where the air
en - ters health will a - bide; Turn o - ver mat - tress,
Ritardando.....
Spread un - der sheet, Now place the up - per—Now right sides meet.

Open the windows, spread covers wide—
Where the air enters health will abide;
Turn over mattress, spread under-sheet,
Then the upper—make right sides meet.

Blankets so downy, now on the bed,
Next comes the comfy, then comes the spread;
Now place the pillows, then take a peep,
Don't look too long—you may fall asleep."



CHAPTER XXXVIII

Washing Clothes

"NOW, what will be the next thing for those children to learn?" asked Mary Frances' mother.

"Why, let me see." Mary Frances looked over the last lesson.

"Oh, I know! They have all the soiled clothes to wash."

"Right, thoughtful little teacher. Yes, the next lesson will be on—

Washing Clothes

Have three girls stand at the wash bench, ready to use tubs. Have another make the starch.

In the kitchen or laundry spread on the wash bench three tubs. Into one put the washboard, on which place a little cake of soap.

Have ready: clothes stick, boiler, basket, clothespins, clothes line, dipper, pail, sauce pan and spoon for making starch, washing powder (a little sample cartoon), bluing, borax.

Order of Work:

1. Sorting clothes.
2. Preparing tubs and water.
3. Putting clothes to soak.
4. Washing and boiling.
5. Rinsing and bluing.
6. Making starch.
7. Starching.
8. Hanging on line.
9. Putting away utensils.

1. Separate white clothes from colored.

2. Prepare a tub two-thirds full of very warm soap sudsy water. A tub of very hot rinsing water. A tub of bluing water. Pour bluing into clear water until water looks blue in the hand.

3. Put the white clothes into the water. Rub any very soiled spots with soap.

4. Wash clothes, rubbing them gently on board, using the softest part of the palm of the hand—not the closed hand which injures the knuckles. Wring out clothes. Many housekeepers next put the clothes into a boiler of cold water, letting them come slowly "to a boil" over the fire, but with the recent improvements in soaps, this seems unnecessary work, and in all housekeeping, lessening labor is a most important matter. So, if the clothes are not to be boiled, wring out, and rinse in second tub. Into this tub throw a tablespoonful of borax.

5. Rinse clothes up and down in this tub; wring them out, and rinse them in the tub of bluing water. Wring out. Set aside clothes to be starched. Throw others into basket.

6. To make—

BOILED STARCH

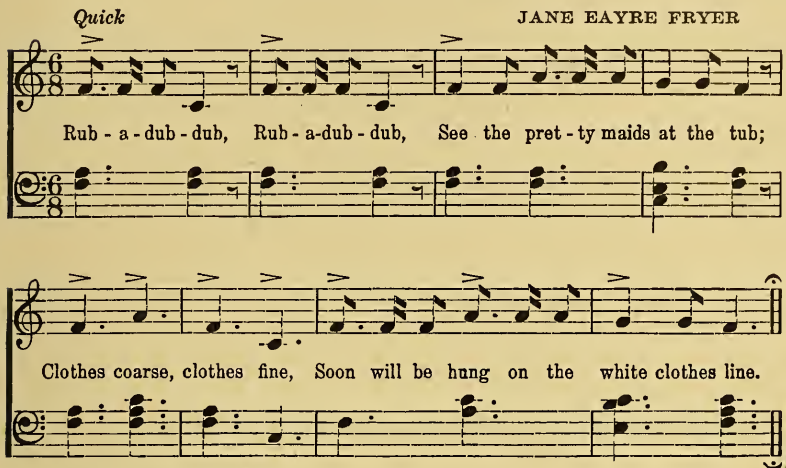
Have ready a pint of boiling water. Place one tablespoon of starch in sauce pan. Moisten starch with one-fourth cup cold water. Pour over the starch one cup of boiling water, stirring all the time. To prevent the starch from sticking, stir about in it the end of a wax candle, or drop into it a half teaspoonful of lard. A piece of borax the size of a pea helps whiten the goods, and prevents sticking.

7. Pour half the starch in a large pan, cool by adding a little cold water. Dip into starch the articles to be made very stiff; wring out; then starch those which require less stiffness. Add more starch as the starch water becomes too thin. Wash, rinse, starch colored clothes.

8. Stretch line tight on clothes posts. Hang large pieces first. Hang clothing of same kind side by side. Hang skirts by bottom, waists by bottom. Hang fine pieces, like doilies and handkerchiefs over the sheet.

9. Wipe out tubs. Wash and dry starch utensils. Put away all articles used, and "tidy" the room.

SONG OF THE TUBS


Quick
JANE EAYRE FRYER
Rub - a - dub - dub, Rub - a-dub - dub, See the pret - ty maids at the tub;
Clothes coarse, clothes fine, Soon will be hung on the white clothes line.

Rub-a-dub-dub,
Rub-a-dub-dub,
See the pretty maids at the tub;
Clothes coarse, clothes fine,
Soon will be hung on the white clothes line.

Rub-a-dub-dub,
Rub-a-dub-dub,
Hear the pretty song of the tub;
Clothes grow like snow,
Soon they will dry in the winds that blow."

CHAPTER XXXIX

Sprinkling and Ironing Clothes

THE next lesson was very delightful to Mary Frances, for she could imagine the lovely clean and beautifully ironed clothes, ready for her doll family's use. The lesson was on

Sprinkling Clothes

1. Spread a clean cloth or paper on the table.
2. Sprinkle clothes with a whisk dipped into water every now and then, or use patent sprinkler.
3. Fold neatly and roll in tight bundle that the water may dampen every corner. Napkins, towels and other small pieces should be kept in bundles by themselves.

Ironing Clothes

1. Have an ironing board covered with a folded blanket, then clean sheeting.
2. Have ready stand and holders; beeswax and cloth, for cleaning irons. Clothes rack.

1. Clean irons with wax, and cloth. Test their heat on some inferior piece of clothing.

2. Iron flat pieces first; if dolly's skirt is to be ironed, put it over the board.

3. Iron lace on right side, embroidery on wrong side. It is well to iron embroidered articles over a folded turkish towel.

4. Hang clothes on rack to dry.

IRONING DAY

JANE EAYRE FRYER

Wrinkles, wrinkles go away,
This is busy ironing day—
'Neath this iron you cannot stay.

Rumpled, tumbled, wrinkley clothes,
Can't withstand the hot iron's nose,
Every tumbled rumple goes.

Wrinkles, wrinkles go away,
After work there's always play,
When we're dressed all clean and gay"

CHAPTER XL

Mending and Putting Away Clothes

"OF course, Mother, the very next thing for the dolls—I mean the children—to do is to put the clothes away in their places." Mary Frances held her pencil ready to write out the next lesson.

"Without mending?"

Mary Frances laughed and acknowledged she had forgotten.

Her mother went on, "The next lesson, then, is on—

Mending and Putting Away Clothes

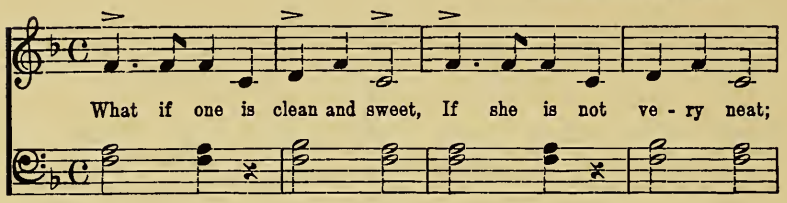
1. When ironing clothes, put aside all pieces which show a tear or worn place which needs mending. If buttons or hooks and eyes are missing, the clothes should not be put away before they are sewed in place.

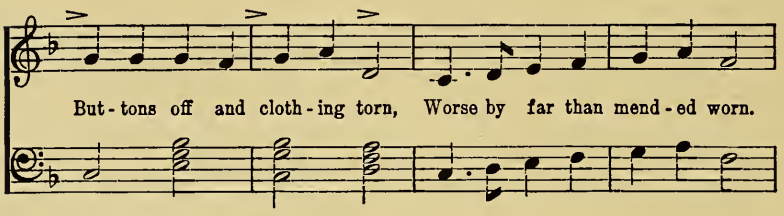
2. Sort and arrange the ironed clothes in neat piles. All articles that are alike should be kept in separate piles—all tea-towels together, all napkins, all handkerchiefs.

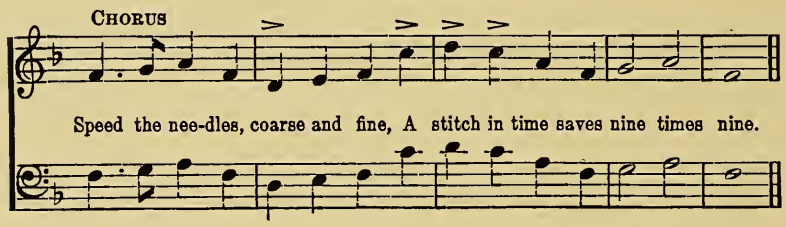
3. All clothing should then be put carefully in place.

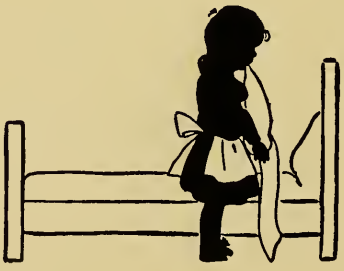
MENDING DAY

JANE EAYRE FRYER









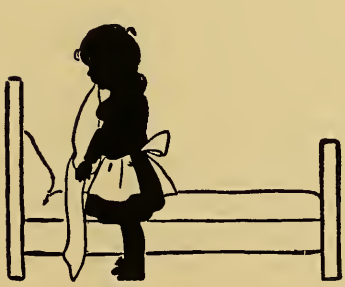
What if one is clean and sweet,
If she is not very neat;
Buttons off and clothing torn,
Worse by far than mended worn.

CHORUS

Speed the needles, coarse and fine,
A stitch in time saves nine-times-nine.

Good housewives, so we've heard say,
Never put the clothes away
Without mending; darning too,
Every stocking for each shoe.—CHO.

It doesn't take so very long,
If our needle's plied with song,
Happy is our Sewing Bee—
Good housewives we are, you see.—CHO.



CHAPTER XLI

General Cleaning

"WHY, here we are at the end of the first year's work," laughed Mary Frances. "I guess my doll children will have to learn very rapidly and finish the two years' work in a few months—for I'm sure I do not want to wait after next summer for my new dolls' house."

"They might do the second year's work after they move in," suggested the mother.

"Oh, I didn't think! Of course they can, yet they don't know about cleaning or sweeping, and the first thing you learn to do to a new house is to clean and sweep, isn't it, mother?"

"Why, yes, dear, so suppose we call our next lesson—

General Cleaning

The children will need brooms, sweepers, dusters, whisk-broom, soap and cloths.

Let them begin by cleaning the room most easily done—the bedroom.

Outline of Work:

1. Dust and cover small articles.
2. Dust and remove smaller articles of furniture.
3. Shake small rugs.
4. Sweep.
5. Dust.
6. Wipe sills and floors.
7. Replace furniture and articles.

1. Dust and cover the small articles to keep them from harm. This is done also because there would be much more dust upon them after sweeping. A "dustless" duster is really excellent, for it keeps the dust from flying.

2. Dust chairs and foot-stools and the small articles of furniture and remove to another room, for like reason.

3. Shake small rugs.

4. The windows should be opened while sweeping is done if the wind does not blow through the room. Sweep in the direction of the carpet "pile." Make two or more places for collection of dirt, rather than sweep it across the room.

5. Let the dust settle, and thoroughly dust the room, beginning at the highest part of the walls first. A broom cap of outing flannel is excellent for dusting walls.

6. Wipe window sills with damp cloth—or scrub, if necessary. Wash mirrors and windows at this time.

7. Replace furniture which was set in another room

CHAPTER XLII

The Guest Room

"THAT lesson will teach the children how to get the new house ready for their use, Mother. My, I'm glad!"

"Yes, it seems to me," replied Mary Frances' mother, "they ought now begin to think about other people, so I've arranged in my mind some suggestions for teaching them about—

The Guest Room

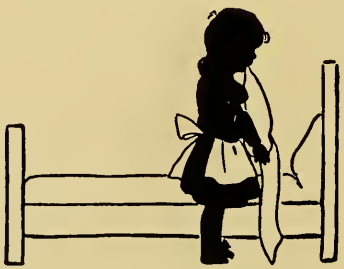
1. Let one doll be the guest. Let her get ready to go away.

2. Pack her suitcase with everything needed for over night in case her trunk arrives late. Put in comb, brush, tooth-brush, towel, wash cloth, rubbers.

3. Pack her trunk. Put in all her clothes, ribbons, handkerchiefs, slippers, stockings and jewelry.

4. Dress doll for traveling—in a neat suit or long coat, and a hat without plumes. In her satchel put her purse, handkerchief, railroad ticket.

5. Place in bedroom articles for the comfort of the guest; as, sewing stand with thread and needles, writing table with pen



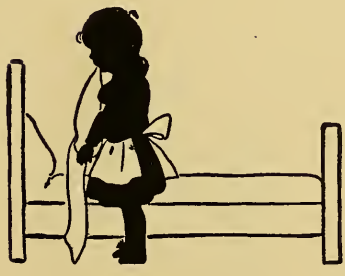
and paper and envelopes, and combing towel. Line the empty bureau drawers with clean paper. Make up the bed in most attractive style.

6. Let the guest arrive, and have her suitcase and trunk brought in. Let the other dolls make her very welcome, and take her to her room. They may offer to help her unpack and put away her clothes. If she prefers not; they must not insist.

7. When the guest leaves, the room should be in perfect order. Should the guest be so rude as to leave an untidy room, the dolls will be very busy for a long time straightening it out, and will not wish her to visit them again.

8. A guest should always write, thanking the hostess for her hospitality.

"My, I hope my doll-guest won't be rude!" thought Mary Frances.



CHAPTER XLIII

Polishing Silver—Invalid's Tray

"IT seems to me," said Mary Frances' mother, "those children ought to learn next—

How to Polish Silver

1. Dampen cloth, rub the polish on the silver.
2. With a tooth brush, brush out the filigree or crevices.
3. Let dry. Rub polish off with soft dry cloth and dry tooth brush.
4. Wash in soapy water. Rinse, dry.

"There is another matter, Mary Frances dear, I meant to speak of—it would be well to have the children learn what you know so well—how to make attractive the—

Invalid's Tray

1. Snow white cloth on a tray large enough not to crowd the dishes.
2. Dainty china—plate, cup and saucer. Little teapot to hold coffee or tea or cocoa. It will interest the invalid to pour out these beverages. Glass dishes for desert.

3. An excellent device to keep tray from resting on invalid's knees, is a small grocery box with the bottom and lower sides knocked out. It will slip over the limbs of the patient when the tray is placed upon it, it will be at a most comfortable height.

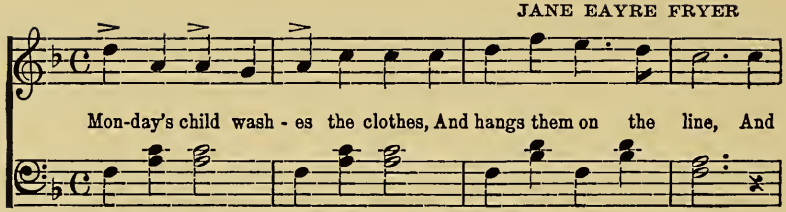
Speaking of tables—it might be pleasant for your dolls to give a party on special days or occasions and decorate the dining-room and the table appropriately; for instance, Table Decorations for Washington's Birthday: Decorate with tiny flags and hatchets. Let the dolls sing "America."

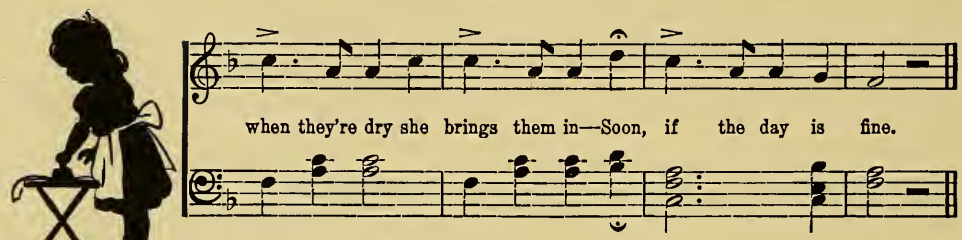
Easter: Decorate with tiny rabbits and eggs, and chickens, and flowers.

CHAPTER XLIV

The Days of the Week.

JANE EAYRE FRYER





Monday's child washes the clothes,
And hangs them on the line,
And when they're dry she brings them in—
Soon, if the day is fine.

Tuesday's child sprinkles the clothes,
And rolls them all up tight,
And irons them out when dampened through,
Which makes them look just right.

Wednesday's child sweeps all upstairs,
Perhaps, too, then she bakes;
And Thursday's child the silver shines
Before the air she takes.

Friday's child both sweeps and cleans,
And never thinks to shirk;
But Saturday's child is the busy one,
For baking is her work.

Sunday's child is a happy child,
As off to church she goes;
Her house is clean from cellar up,
Herself from head to toes.

"That is my favorite of the songs, Mother," said Mary Frances, "and I shall make it a great honor for my doll children to learn to sing that one—it will be their graduation song."

"They will be beautifully trained by the time they sing that song, dear," smiled her mother.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 06563 706 6

Julia Greene